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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE death of Lord Palmerston is the most important event of the week, not only in domestic, but in European politics. No statesman of our own day has enjoyed so world-wide a reputation, and whether rightly or wrongly, none has been so universally accepted abroad as in a peculiar degree the representative of England. His disappearance from the scene of action will be regarded by foreign nations as the probable inauguration of an important change in the foreign policy of England. We do not think that that anticipation is likely to be realized, but there can be no doubt that the noble lord's death will have an important effect at home. No other statesman can rally round him the whole Conservative forces of the kingdom; nor can any one else oppose Reform without losing the confidence or forfeiting the support of the Liberal party. It would, as yet, be premature to endeavour to predict the consequences of an event which has come upon us so suddenly, though it is the death of an octogenarian. Nor shall we dwell here upon the career and character of the noble lord, to which we have elsewhere devoted an article. Whatever may have been his faults, he was a great Englishman. It was his good fortune to excite no antagonism which will not be willingly buried in his grave; and the close of his illustrious career has excited no other feeling but that of regret throughout a country which he served so long, so faithfully, and with so much success.

It seems to be at last placed beyond a doubt that the evacuation of the Papal territory by the French troops will commence at no distant date. They are already being withdrawn from the frontiers and concentrated upon a few central points; while it is stated, apparently upon sufficient authority, that the frigates *Eldorado*, *Gomer*, *Mogador*, and *Labrador* are being fitted out at Toulon, in order to proceed to Civita Vecchia, where they will meet on the 1st of November, and embark 3,700 infantry and cavalry. Indeed, the tone of the Pope's official organ shows that the Government of his Holiness have given up any hope of retaining the support on which they have so long relied. In a recent article, the *Giornale di Roma* repudiates in the most emphatic manner the notion that the Emperor Napoleon is a friend to the Holy See. Nor does the writer stop there. He dwells with unconcealed bitterness upon the fact—or the fiction—that the Italian troops have recently violated the Roman territory more than once, in the presence and with the assent of the French troops; and he indignantly asks what inference but one can be drawn from the conduct of a Government which persecutes the Catholic Church in its institutions, which has lately closed the episcopal seminaries in France, and which has adopted measures

tending to interrupt the succession of priests in the house of God? "Those measures," he adds, "allow it to be clearly seen that their authors are very far from recognising in the Papacy a glory for Italy. He cannot be a friend to the Papacy, nor be actuated by principles of respect for its independent policy, who shows himself to be so determined an enemy of the greatest and most vital Catholic institutions, which are respected even in dissenting and infidel countries."

This is plain speaking. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the writer could have gone much further, unless he had said, what he evidently thinks, that Louis Napoleon is a tolerably good personification of Anti-Christ. It is no business of ours to inquire into the merits of the quarrel between Pius IX. and the eldest son of the Church. Speaking generally, we should say the Church has got what it deserved for lending itself to the support of an arbitrary Government, impelled both by choice and necessity to make itself absolute in things spiritual as well as temporal. As Protestants and politicians, however, these things concern us not. We only cite the article to which we have referred as a significant proof that there is a real breach between the Emperor and the Pope. Such a breach has an inevitable tendency to widen; and in its widening lies the best chance for the acquisition of their capital by the Italians. Louis Napoleon cannot afford to allow himself to be trifled with, even if he had any disposition—which we do not suppose he has—to undergo the process. If the Pope insists on holding him at arm's length, and in preaching at him in the official newspaper, he is all the more likely to connive at the gradual encroachments of Italy upon the Papal territory. It might have been dangerous to abandon a docile and grateful client; but the public opinion of France will support its sovereign in leaving a railing and intractable coterie of ecclesiastics to the fate which they are blindly preparing for themselves.

Although there is a good deal of excitement in Hungary, and although the extreme party are actively putting forth pretensions which would involve the practical separation of that kingdom from the Austrian empire, there seems reason to believe that the bulk of the population and the more influential politicians are well inclined to take a sensible and practical view of the crisis. Neither Deak nor Eötvös lend any countenance to the views of those who seek to establish a virtually independent Magyar State; and, indeed, the latter has recently published an article energetically declaring himself hostile to those Federalists whose programme would lead to the dissolution of the monarchy. So far as we can gather from the very imperfect sources of information open to us, the party represented by these two eminent men is likely to obtain the majority in the Diet. Strange as it may seem after all that has occurred, the

House of Hapsburg has apparently not succeeded in entirely alienating the affections of its Hungarian subjects. They are evidently willing to welcome any advances made by Francis Joseph towards a reconciliation, nor can we perceive any indications of a disposition to exact from him humiliating or fatal concessions. If we may believe the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, the Imperial Government is prepared to take some, although faltering, steps in the direction of free trade. They will lower the customs' tariff in some degree, but they shrink from going to the full length which they admit to be desirable, on account of the depreciated condition of the currency. The reason assigned is a singularly bad one. But it would be too much to expect any great amount of fiscal and economical clear-sightedness or courage either from the statesmen or the capitalists of Austria. We shall be well content to see them commence the relaxation of their protective or rather prohibitive system. The results of experience will be the best advocates of further free-trade measures.

The news just received from New Zealand may be generally described as satisfactory. The item on which the British tax-payer will naturally and properly dwell with most pleasure is the announcement that five regiments were either ordered, or were on the point of being ordered, home on the 29th July. At last, therefore, there is a prospect of some material diminution in that drain upon the purse which has been going on for the last few years. It is true that, for the present, 5,000 regular troops will still remain in the island; but the cost of these will, in future, fall in a greater proportion than hitherto, upon the Colonial exchequer. With the reduction of the regular army, the prospect of a termination of the war seems to increase. It has always been difficult to understand how it was that 10,000 British soldiers, with several thousand trained Europeans, and a numerous body of native allies, should be held in check year after year by a scanty force of half-armed savages, without artillery, and imperfectly supplied with provisions. But the secret has lately received, at least, a partial explanation. It is clear that General Cameron's heart has, for some time, not been in his work, and that he was by no means qualified to conduct the irregular warfare which he had to wage. He was embarrassed by doubts as to the justice of the cause he was called upon to support; and was fettered by a pedantic regard for the rules and principles of military art. He wanted to conduct his campaigns in the way in which they would be carried on in Europe; and, because he could not do so, he did nothing at all. The capture of the Wireroa pah shows how misplaced was his excessive caution, and enables us to form some idea of the extent to which he has been a drag upon the dash and enterprise of the colonists and the loyal natives. At the head of between 400 and 500 volunteers Governor Grey carried a position, which the Commander-in-Chief had declined to attack. The misunderstanding between these two powerful servants of the English Government, which led to this successful operation on the part of the civilian, is in itself an unfortunate, if not scandalous occurrence. But its results have certainly been so far good, that they have increased the confidence of the colonists in themselves, and have proved their capability of dealing, without assistance from home, with a foe whom they far outnumber. This will greatly facilitate the attainment of the object which we ought steadily to keep in view. We have undertaken too long the responsibility, without having the power to direct the affairs of New Zealand, so far as the relations between the colonists and the natives are concerned. We have, in consequence, incurred no slight expense, and no little mortification. The sooner we relinquish an impossible undertaking, and leave the colonists to manage their own business, and to take measures for their protection, the better for both parties. There is no doubt that they are quite able to take care of themselves; and we have little fear that they will deal fairly with the natives when they have a direct and pressing interest in the preservation of peace.

We have at last received something like a trustworthy and definite statement of the financial position of the United States. They owe £600,000,000, which represents the cost of the civil war they have just ceased to wage. As, however, the interest of this debt averages 5 per cent., the annual charge is £31,000,000, or considerably more than that of our own national debt. In addition to this sum the estimates for the current year include £20,000,000 for the army,

£7,000,000 for the navy, and £12,000,000 for the civil list and miscellaneous, or a total of £70,000,000. Not content, however, with meeting this heavy expenditure, the Secretary for the Treasury proposes to raise, by taxation, the sum of £80,000,000 within the year. It would, no doubt, be possible to do so if the people were willing to bear the burthen, and if the customs' duties were levied with a view to revenue rather than to the protection of native industry. But we can hardly avoid some misgivings on the first point, when we remember that even under the excitement of the late struggle the United States did not raise more than £34,000,000 by taxation in 1864; nor do we see how that amount is to be more than doubled under a fiscal system, which is mildly described as one of protection. The alternative lies between repudiation and the abandonment of the Morrill tariff. Time will show which of these courses will be chosen by the great northern republic. We are willing to hope that the dictates of good faith and good sense will prevail; but it would be affectation on our part if we were to pretend any strong confidence in the result.

We do not believe that Mr. Johnson has taken so rash a step as to serve the Emperor Louis Napoleon with formal notice to abstain from further intervention in the affairs of Mexico. The President has already quite enough on his hands, and, unless we much mistake him, he is not the man to incur foreign, before he has got rid of domestic embarrassments. The story of a recent despatch from Mr. Seward is, no doubt, without any foundation; and the United States still maintain an attitude of neutrality between the belligerents in Mexico. On the other hand, all that we hear, either as to the general feeling of the people or as to the opinions of prominent men like General Grant, convinces us that the danger is not yet past. The Monroe doctrine is too firmly implanted in the national mind to be abandoned at the moment when, for the first time in their history, the United States find themselves in possession of the means to vindicate it. The continued presence of French troops in Mexico must, in the end, offer a provocation that no American President will have the power, even if he have the desire, to resist.

LORD PALMERSTON.

FORTUNATE in his life, Lord Palmerston has also been fortunate in his death. He has died as he would have wished to die, still in harness—still grasping the reins of government. No prolonged decay removed him from the sight or effaced him from the recollection of his countrymen. No national disasters or difficulties clouded his closing days. He has terminated an illustrious career in the plenitude of power and popularity, and with the flush of a great triumph yet upon him. For the last ten years he has occupied, with but slight intermission, the highest position to which a subject can aspire, and the result of the general election in the summer was a conclusive proof that in the opinion of the country he had occupied it wisely and well. Even political opponents exempted him from the censure with which they freely visited his colleagues, and but a few days since he was not only the leader of a powerful party, but the accepted ruler and representative of the nation. Every one said that so long as he retained mental and bodily vigour his tenure of office was safe; nor was there any time in his long Premiership when his supremacy was so undisputed as at that moment when he was about to lay it down. He is followed to his grave by the universal regret and respect of his countrymen. His name will be long and affectionately remembered. He has not left, if he ever made, a personal enemy, while few have ever had a more numerous and a more devoted circle of friends. We have been told to call no man happy until he is dead; but, now that he is gone, no one doubts that that might have been said of him, whose loss all deplore as a national calamity.

The copious biographies of the deceased statesman, which have appeared in all our daily contemporaries, relieve us from the necessity of entering into the details of his prolonged and eventful life. While he was yet amongst us the commencement of his career already belonged to history, and it is difficult to realize the fact that the Prime Minister of Queen Victoria had held office under her grandfather, was a contemporary of Pitt and Fox, presided over the War Office during the Duke of Wellington's Peninsular campaigns, and had a seat in the Ministry which introduced the bill of pains and penalties against Queen Caroline. Other men have lived as long, but few have preserved

in the same degree as Lord Palmerston the vitality and freshness of mind which enables men to keep abreast of their age, to change with the changing times, and to be as much at home in the existing generation as in that which was running its course half a century before. Until a year or two before his death we had hardly begun to realize the fact that he was growing old; and this was due not so much to the wonderful physical vigour which he displayed, as to his quick and spontaneous sympathy with the tone and the ideas of the age. Other aged statesmen seemed to belong to the past; they were constantly reverting to it; and their notions of men and things were evidently gathered from it. But Lord Palmerston hardly ever adverted to the events in which he had borne a part, and he always dealt as a man of to-day, with the things of to-day. His experience was riper than that of those who surrounded him, but he was fully their equal in readiness and capacity for receiving new impressions. His zest for life was undiminished to the last, and neither power nor gratified ambition could dull with satiety his genial and healthy nature or his active mind. Had it been otherwise, no abilities, no party connections, no eloquence, could have enabled him to lead the House of Commons with complete success during the last ten years of his life. It was in this flexibility and versatility of mind, combined with singular clearness of vision within the range to which his sight extended, that his main intellectual strength consisted. No one would have given him credit for very deep or comprehensive views of society or politics. Indeed, he would himself have been the first to disclaim anything of the kind; and he would have justified his indifference to them by arguments which are not wanting in plausibility. The wisest can grasp so few of the complicated phenomena of human life, the most sagacious can penetrate so little into the future, that it may well seem doubtful whether it is not best for the practical statesman to wait for exigences as they arise, and then deal with them as seems best at the moment and for the moment. Such, at any rate, was Lord Palmerston's opinion and practice, and in this may be found an explanation, if not a justification, of the so-called inconsistencies of his political career. He was habitually content to do the work that lay nearest to him. As a young man, and indeed as a middle-aged or an old man, he was never aspiring or ambitious. He had a passion for the labour and excitement, rather than for the notoriety and reputation of public life. Hence during the first twenty years that he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, he took no part in the debates upon general subjects, but confined himself to discharging the duties of a subordinate official. He must have disapproved of much that was done by his foolish and bigoted colleagues in the Liverpool Administration, from whom we know that he differed entirely upon the question of Catholic emancipation. But as he was not a member of the Cabinet, he probably thought it no business of his whether Lord Sidmouth administered the Home-office well, or Lord Castlereagh pursued a sound foreign policy. As a colleague of Mr. Canning's, he opposed parliamentary reform, and as a colleague of Earl Grey's he subsequently gave it a vigorous support. On almost all the great questions that have been agitated during his life, it is possible to find contradictory votes or opposing sentiments. His sceptical, shrewd, and practical turn of thought led him to dislike and distrust all organic change; but, on the other hand, his keenness of perception, his liberality of mind, and his freedom of spirit, enabled him to discern more quickly than most men the signs of the coming time, and the measures which would be requisite to meet its exigencies. When he once made up his mind that a thing was to be done, he did it with all his might, and did not attempt to screen his inconsistency by half measures, or by taking a faltering or undecided course. In this respect he closely resembled the two other statesmen who have in our own time obtained the greatest share of the confidence of Englishmen; nor is it a little singular that those three men whom the nation has peculiarly delighted to honour should all be strikingly open to the charge of inconsistency. The truth is that was the very thing which created a close sympathy between them and an inconsistent nation. Englishmen—active, energetic, and absorbed by the current business of life—do not look far ahead; and they have no great faith in those who profess to be much wiser than they are themselves. They admire a profound philosopher in his place; and follow a brilliant agitator,—also in his place. But when the Government of the country is at stake, the man they like is a safe, steady, wide-awake man of business—prompt without rashness, strong-willed without obstinacy—and possessed of that indescribable talent for affairs and for the management of men which, for want of a better word, we must call tact. Such a man they found in Lord Palmerston, and,

having found him, they did not trouble themselves much about the unvarying orthodoxy of his political creed, nor desert him because he could easily be shown to have made half a dozen or half a score mistakes.

It is as a foreign Minister that Lord Palmerston will fill the largest place in history, although we incline to think that his government of England for the last six years was in reality the most remarkable achievement of his life. To checkmate Talleyrand, to baffle Thiers, to foil Nesselrode, in constant encounters upon every diplomatic field, both in Europe and Asia, were great things in their way. But not one of them was equal in difficulty to the task undertaken by his lordship in 1859, and so successfully accomplished. Of course, we do not, by saying this, mean to imply anything like an unqualified approval of his policy, which we have often had occasion to censure. But as a piece of government and management—as a work of art in statecraft—Lord Palmerston's second Premiership will always command the respectful admiration of the political student. The admiration may be the same in kind as that which is given to a performer who rides four or five horses at the same time, and keeps them under his hand while he jumps through hoops and vaults over leaping-bars, but, such as it is, it is well deserved. It would be most unjust to deny that many useful measures, especially of fiscal economical reform, have marked these six years. Nor, although the principal credit of these is due to Mr. Gladstone, should the Premier be deprived of his fair share. It would have been simply impossible to carry them without his hearty and effective support. Economical truths are indeed of that kind which Lord Palmerston's mind was admirably suited to comprehend and to receive. He was an early, and we have no doubt a sincere free-trader, and we see no reason to think that he did not go fully with his Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose adventurous and enterprising financing may have reminded him of his own stirring days at the Foreign Office. Upon the achievements of those days we cannot now linger. But if we pass them by it is not because we think them unimportant, or doubt the general soundness of the policy which underlay them. It is easy to say that Lord Palmerston's active propagandism of constitutional principles produced little or no result; and it is true that much of his work turned out to be of a very fragile character. But, on the other hand, we think it is at least equally clear that he had a large share in keeping alive the hopes and the faith of the Liberal party in Europe, and in checking the encroachments, or preventing the interference of the despotic Powers, who were, thirty years ago, both far more formidable and far more disposed to act in concert than they are at present. To this praise, at all events, we are quite convinced the noble lord is entitled—namely, that he thoroughly believed that he was promoting, and that he ardently desired to promote, the cause of liberty. He may have had no great desire to confer political power upon the masses; he certainly had no love for political equality. But to that sort of freedom which we have in England he was, we believe, sincerely attached. The Continental despotisms offended alike his good sense and his good feeling. His intellect told him that Divine Right was nonsense; and his heart was shocked by the cruelties which were perpetrated in its name. If any proof were wanting that he was strongly moved by the substantial, although he was very indifferent to the sentimental, sufferings of mankind, it would be found in his unwavering hostility to slavery and the slave trade. For the last thirty years the negro has not been—if ever he was—a source of political capital to an English politician. On many occasions the measures adopted for the suppression of the slave trade have given rise to serious difficulties, and have gravely embarrassed the Government of the day. But whether in office or out of office, Lord Palmerston never ceased to employ, or to urge on others, the most energetic measures for putting an end to this horrible traffic.

Lord Palmerston was almost destitute of legislative capacity, but he may claim a place in the first rank of administrators. His industry was unwearied; he was clear-headed, methodical, quick in decision; he was a perfect master of the art of managing men. He was no orator. Unless he was strongly interested in, or excited by his subject, he was deficient in fluency; and although he had a good command of nervous English, and was remarkable for the transparent lucidity of his explanations,—except when he desired to be unintelligible,—his style was always loose and often awkward. The truth was that he cared little for a speech as a speech. Words and sentences were perfectly indifferent to him for their own sake. He only spoke to produce a particular effect or to attain a particular object. In that he rarely failed; for he knew better than any man in the House

of Commons the arguments which were likely to have weight with it, and the best mode of presenting them at any given time. He was an admirable debater; nor did any one possess more completely the ear of the House. His speeches were usually short, and even when they were long, the length was due rather to the subject than to the speaker. The longest, the most elaborate, and the finest address he ever made—the defence of his foreign policy in the Pacific debate—occupied five hours in delivery. But those who read it will find it difficult to determine whether it is most remarkable for the clearness or the conciseness of its exposition of a number of complicated subjects. To his admirable and attractive personal qualities the late statesman was, as we all know, largely indebted for the ascendancy he possessed. They enabled him to exercise a powerful influence over all who came in contact with him, and they certainly contributed largely to his popularity with the country. He would, however, never have gained the confidence with which that popularity was accompanied, unless there had been something more substantial behind. It is absurd to suppose that any man without many of the attributes of greatness could have ruled England as he ruled it, or reigned in the hearts of Englishmen as he reigned. If the idol be of clay, what shall we say of the worshippers? The reputation of the nation is involved in that of the statesman whom it trusted and honoured. But it is in no danger—for whatever may have been his faults he loved England dearly; he served her with his whole heart and his whole strength; he strenuously laboured to make her great and prosperous amongst the nations of the earth; and he so governed her as to accomplish this end. We all feel that in him the foremost amongst us has passed away, nor will history refuse him a prominent place in the list of great statesmen and great Englishmen.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams involves questions of so much interest and gravity, and the probably impending controversy with Mr. Seward looks so threatening, that we do not hesitate to recur to the subject.

It is a fact on which we cannot sufficiently congratulate those who take an interest in the preservation of peace, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams have explicitly acknowledged that the English Government have not been actuated in any of the faults of omission and commission charged to them by a hostile *animus* to the Government of the United States. There can be no doubt at all but that the sympathies of the educated classes in this country—perhaps also of the bulk of the people—were with the Confederate States. It is equally certain that a strong feeling of hostility to this country was developed in the Northern States. Fortunately the questions at issue are independent of national judgments, prejudices, sympathies, or passions, and relate to the action of the sovereign power of each country as represented by their Governments. It is most material, then, to observe that the United States' Government, as represented by Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, expressly acknowledge that the English Government have not acted with any hostile *animus*. This immensely clears the way for a candid and scientific treatment of the questions at issue.

Now it is quite evident that in this state of things it will be quite out of place to indulge in any verbal criticism, or to attempt to obtain an apparent triumph by tripping up Mr. Adams in his argument without thereby affecting the real merits of the question. Earl Russell may be a better despatch-writer than Mr. Adams, or we may be able to comment on the case as argued by the latter to his disadvantage as a dialectician; but we shall make no progress towards a friendly settlement of the difficulty unless we endeavour to ascertain and express the cause of complaint, and to defend the action of our Government therein—not on all points, perhaps, but at any rate on those complained of. Thus, our Government may have acted illegally and unwisely in the purchase of the supposed Confederate rams, but the Government of the United States were greatly benefited by, and consequently do not complain of, that act.

The real grievances, looking to the whole correspondence, seem to be:—

1. That the recognition of the Government of the Confederate States on the 13th of May, 1861, was precipitate and unprecedented. And,—

2. That the English Government failed in their efforts to prevent the sailing from British ports of vessels which afterwards became Confederate cruisers, and inflicted immense damage on the property of citizens of the United States; and that when it was found that the existing law was insufficient to

enable the Government to repress such acts, they did not obtain further powers of repression.

This latter head of complaint might, perhaps, be put more strongly, and is really more strongly put by Mr. Adams. In the eighth of nine propositions in which he sums up the complaints of the Government of the United States, he speaks of the ships which have inflicted the injuries complained of as “these British built, manned, and armed vessels.”

We might, perhaps, make out a third proposition of some weight, by charging the damage sustained on the combination of the two heads of complaint, and add—

3. That by the precipitate and unprecedented recognition and the subsequent sailing, &c., the citizens of the United States received great injury.

Upon these complaints we will only for the present observe:—

(1) That any Government has the right to be both precipitate and unprecedented—in fact to act according to its own best judgment, though its action were precipitate and unsupported by precedent, if it act legally and without a hostile *animus*. And—(2), That any application of the municipal law of a country for the repression of any act of its subjects which is not an infraction of the law of nations, nor *malum in se*, whereby damage is sustained by the people of another country, is a matter exclusively within its own judgment, and one for which it cannot be called to account by a foreign Government.

In this view of the case, we see reason to regret that Earl Russell, in his letter of the 4th of May last (the second letter of the lately-published series), should have said:—“The question is whether the Government of her Majesty have performed faithfully and honestly the duties which international law and their own municipal law imposed upon them.” We very strongly object to the words we have italicized. We quite believe that Earl Russell will be able to show, not only that he has used, but that he has strained and exceeded, the powers conferred on the Government by our municipal law, but we contend that he should not have allowed himself to have been drawn into any controversy on this point except under protest that it was not a matter on which *de jure* the Government of the United States could have anything to say; though, perhaps, he was ready, as a mark of friendship and to show the absence of hostile *animus*, to point out how fully the Queen's Government had availed themselves of the powers conferred on them by our municipal law. The case would evidently be different if our municipal law had been made part of any treaty or compact with the United States.

That the view which we take of the facts and the law has been before the minds of Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams is, we think, pretty evident from the total absence of any charge of any breach of the law of nations in the correspondence, and from the circumstance that the demand made is not for reparation of any offence committed against the honour or independence of the United States, but only for indemnity for the private losses of certain of its citizens. These losses it is the duty of a Government to prevent by affording to its subjects due protection in their lawful callings. If they cannot do this, they can only claim compensation from a neutral Government, when they have a right to claim more; and we feel persuaded that more would have been claimed by Mr. Seward if he had perceived the possibility of insisting on more.

It is a point on which we feel able to ground a strong belief that the peace between the countries will not be broken, that the question has never been put forward by American statesmen as one affecting the honour of their country, nor as requiring more than compensation, which, again, can only be due for a breach of the law of nations or of treaty, neither of which has been charged against us. And the grounds of this belief will appear stronger the more persuaded we may be that a stronger case would have been put forward by Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, if they had at all been able to make one out.

As it is, it is evident that the American statesman and diplomatist are too glad to discuss with Lord Russell such questions as whether the action of the Queen's Government was precipitate and unprecedented, and whether the Government did all that was possible under the circumstances, and whether the Government ought to have applied to Parliament for further powers, and what losses the citizens of the United States have suffered. Here is plenty of room to swim in. Lord Russell has, perhaps, been somewhat too complaisant in following his correspondent through most of these subjects, but, with the exception of the few words we have objected to, he has been equal to the occasion; his final resolution of declining arbitration is right, and he puts his refusal on the right grounds. We wonder that, as Lord Russell was able so clearly to appreciate the impossibility of referring the question of whether the English Government had rightly construed the

Foreign Enlistment Act to the arbitration of a foreign Government, he did not also perceive that it was not a fit subject for such a correspondence as he had been holding with the Government of the United States.

ANNUAL CONSERVATISM IN ESSEX.

FROM Essex comes always the first sound of the Conservative battle-cry. The agricultural mind is in that county at once more stable and more sonorous than elsewhere. This year, indeed, a note of lamentation mingles with that of war. Major Beresford has fallen in fight, and the cattle plague is committing ravages among the Essex calves. Sir Thomas Western has, politically, been the Brutus who has slain the Julius Cæsar of Essex Conservatism, and we may all say with Hamlet, "It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there." The Hinckford Club will, we are sure, suspect us of no irreverence in the form of our allusion to their fallen champion. It designates itself "Conservative and Agricultural," and it mixes the ideas in its cups as well as in its programme. Mr. Ducane, the chief after-dinner speaker, plaintively quoted "no playmate shares my beaker," and bemoaned the lost co-bibber as one of the "soundest Conservative principles and the best friend to the agricultural interest" whom his experience had given him to know. But when the decent words of sorrow for such a bereavement had been spoken, the next topic was the impending cattle plague. Thus in politics and in pocket Essex is this autumn not cheerful, and credit is due to it for the unflinching gallantry of spirit which in these circumstances enabled it to dine at all.

It would be too hard, therefore, to judge critically what was said over the funeral baked meats at Castle Hedingham. A policy cannot be expected to be endowed with much decision or clearness by an orator whose one eye is dropping a tear over a colleague, and whose other is turned to heaven for compassion on his oxen. But as, in fact, this is the sole Conservative orator since the election, and as we all look to Essex for an indication of the coming events of party warfare, we must try to make out of the broken utterances what sense we can. It is not our fault, however, if that sense be not only confused but contradictory. Conservatism, as we have been used to understand it, has always meant the preservation of existing institutions, but in Mr. Ducane's mouth it means the preservation of institutions affecting everything but agriculture, combined with radical reform in agricultural questions. The Church is to be defended against aggression; burial-grounds are to be "protected from onslaught," though why burial-grounds should be deemed a Conservative institution it is not easy to see; and before extension of the suffrage is decided on, "there are some questions to be asked and answered." Such is the policy of the party as regards national questions; but on the head of agriculture, something much more vigorous is to be urged. If the cattle plague cannot be stopped speedily, Mr. Ducane is of opinion that "we should be justified in calling for more immediate interference and more direct assistance from Government." And on another subject agitation is recommended. "He hoped that in the course of the autumn or winter the friends of the repeal of the Malt-tax would be up and doing, and that they would take the very first opportunity they could to lay their case before the new Parliament. These are the elements of policy of the great Conservative party, the party which boasts that its mission is to save the country, and that even in Opposition its power has sufficed to rescue us from ruin. Uttered in a Conservative and agricultural club, they sound wonderfully like—"Conserve to the landed interest all it has, and secure for it as much more as can be got." A remarkably natural class policy, but scarcely deserving the title of a national or even a party policy.

There may indeed be urged, in extenuation of this policy of selfishness, that it is a necessity of the party. Conservatism is by itself so irrational, so self-contradicted, so opposed to every principle and development of modern society, that nothing but the existence of a strong personal interest in its favour can prevent its absurd incongruity becoming manifest. Conservatism nowadays, for instance, does not mean going back to the system which, twenty years ago, Conservatism defended. It does not suggest a reversal of free-trade policy, or a repeal of the Reform Act. All these great and fundamental changes it accepts, and only professes to conserve. But what man of reason, unbiassed, could place his faith in a doctrine which now adopts what, a few years since, it fought against? Either it was wrong then, or it must be wrong now. Either these alterations in our laws ought not to have been resisted, or they ought now to be recalled. There is, therefore, in the present

acquiescent policy of the Conservative party, a confession that till this moment they have been always in the wrong. And common sense certainly suggests that a principle which has been proved to be hitherto always wrong is not very likely to become right now. The theory that the present is perfection is not consistent with experience. The idea that we are exactly what our fathers were—that we are neither more educated, nor more enterprising—that we have learned nothing and profited by nothing—is contradicted every moment by the press, by the railways, by the ocean steamers, by the extension of our manufactures, by the prosperity of our agriculture. And to say that while all such agents of change are in more active operation than ever they were before, our laws are to remain of cast iron, is an absurdity which no one can seriously and soberly assert.

Nor, indeed, to do it justice, does the Conservative party assert it. Its leaders know well that if they would beguile the time, they must look like the time. They have not hesitated, therefore, to propose, when in power, a reforming policy of their own. Lord Derby's Government gave us the only point of Chartism yet conceded—the abolition of the property qualification of members. It proposed a Reform Bill which would have added largely to the constituencies. And there is no reason to suppose that it will be less liberal when it comes next into power. The necessity of the case forces every Government to be a Reform Government, and the difference between them is merely of degree. Only when in opposition are the Conservatives able still to profess resistance to reform. But then, in order to make that resistance appear to have the shadow of reason to their own supporters, they are obliged—since they cannot show that it is based upon experience of the public benefit—to prove that it rests on personal motives of advantage to their adherents.

It were idle, indeed, to deny that such secret sentiment is at the root of all the opposition to reform from whatever party it comes. It is not agriculture alone which has its own ends to subserve by an alliance with Conservatism. All who at present enjoy a power, a station, or a credit, which an enlargement of the franchise would deprive them of, are predisposed to be secretly against a change. Whig peers, who are the owners of boroughs, are just as little disposed as Tory peers to see the gross inequalities in the representation amended. Landowners who possess, by the votes of their tenantry and their influence in the villages, the power of directing the election of a member for their county, are equally averse, whatever their shade of politics, to allow an infusion of new material into the constituency which would weaken their hold over it. Even the present electors, whether in boroughs or counties, cannot be expected to be extremely ardent in supporting a change which will divide their authority and somewhat abate their position. And it was in consistency with this prevailing sentiment that the Government which has lost its chief was well content to reign for six years without attempting to govern, much less to reform. But all this natural conservatism of selfishness must at last have an end, for the simple reason that it is incompatible with the ideas and the progress of the age. There is a force of public opinion at work which will compel whatever Government is in power for the time being to strive to introduce the measures which the new order of things demands. And that Government will be most distinguished, as it will be most enduring, which most heartily recognises this fact. We know not as yet what new combinations may be formed; but we do at least know that the Conservatism of Essex, the absolute standstill policy, combined with the policy of favour to the agricultural interest, will never be in power. It will be disavowed by the chiefs of the party the moment they have the opportunity of making it effectual. As a mere policy of opposition, that is to say of confessed powerlessness and impracticability, there can, of course, be no objection whatever to its being annually ventilated at Castle Hedingham.

COMING JUDICIAL CHANGES.

As the first day of Michaelmas Term approaches, lawyers of all sorts and degrees begin to gather in their accustomed haunts. The mysterious and quaintly comfortable old dining-houses near Temple-bar are filling fast with the old familiar faces. The duties of the classic head-waiter at the "Cock," whom Tennyson has immortalized grow nightly heavier, and returned tourists still disguised by their brown complexions or unshorn beards, who have been for the last two months climbing in Switzerland, shooting in Scotland, or fishing in Norway, crowd the queer little boxes of that celebrated tavern in increasing numbers. And most of the truants are glad to

be home again. Although they feel obliged to take a holiday every year to brace their minds and bodies for the exertions of the winter, they fully appreciate what Charles Lamb calls "the sweet security of the streets." They may indulge in a passing flirtation with the divinities of the moor or the mountain, but their true love is to be found in Westminster Hall or the dingy dens where the Vice-Chancellors administer justice in Lincoln's Inn. After all, there is no sport more keen than badgering an opponent, no prospect more delightful than a table loaded with briefs. Barristers, like schoolboys, very often become bored by their vacation before it is finished. They are glad to get back to their everyday work, and put their necks cheerfully into the well-worn professional collar. Once more, moreover, they are enabled to enjoy delightful opportunities of talking and listening to unlimited "shop." Long arrears of legal gossip always await them—endless discussions on recent appointments and endless speculations on future vacancies.

The only important pieces of preferment which have fallen in during the vacation have been two county-court judgeships, and the manner in which the Lord Chancellor has disposed of them will give rise to a good deal of discontented commentary among rising young men of ten or twenty years' standing at the Common Law Bar. As our readers may remember, an Act has just come into operation conferring a wide equitable jurisdiction on the county courts. A knowledge, therefore, both of law and equity will henceforth be indispensable to the judges who preside there. Now a gentleman whose whole time has been taken up, since his call, with fighting his way at Sessions and at Westminster, cannot be expected to know much about the doctrines or practice of the Court of Chancery; while, on the other hand, a Lincoln's Inn lawyer is pretty certain to be woefully deficient in the rules which govern *viva voce* evidence. The men are rare indeed who possess a decent acquaintance with both branches of English jurisprudence. We may hope that they may become more numerous now that a regular course of legal education has been established in the Inns of Court, and we venture to prophesy that the most competent county-court judges of the future will be men who as students have passed with distinction through the difficult examinations conducted by the Council of Legal Education. At present, the Lord Chancellor must be much puzzled in his choice. Formerly Common Law men were always chosen, but Lord Westbury appointed several Chancery barristers, some of whom were singularly unfitted by age and inexperience for the performance of their new duties. Lord Cranworth has followed his example, and, now that familiarity with Equity has become necessary, we have no fault to find with him for the course he has adopted. But though the principle of selection be right, the men selected may be wrong. Against the two highly respectable gentlemen just appointed we have not one word to say, except that they do not appear to us at all well suited for the positions they have been called upon to occupy. One is an equity draughtsman of nearly forty years' standing, and the other a text-book writer of great learning, but very limited practice. Is it probable that either of them will be able to deal satisfactorily with the vast amount of miscellaneous business which will be brought before them? A county-court judgeship is not a bed of roses. It is not a haven into which the storm-beaten barrister can put for shelter in the evening of his days. Especially at this moment, when new powers have been given to them, the judges of these courts will need to be men full of energy, mental and physical. That many such men can be found in the overcrowded ranks of the profession there is no doubt, and we hope that the Lord Chancellor, when he is next required to exercise his patronage, will remember their existence.

But, if rumour whispers correctly, Lord Cranworth will soon have several offices far more important than county-court judgeships to bestow. It is said that Mr. Baron Martin and Mr. Justice Crampton will both shortly retire from the judicial bench, which they have long adorned by their learning and virtues. They are the only two puisne judges left who do not owe their elevation to one of Lord Palmerston's Chancellors. If their successors are nominated by Lord Cranworth, the Premier, had he lived, would have had hardly any more worlds to conquer. The Bench of Bishops and the Bench of Justice alike were stocked almost entirely under his auspices. He began to reign, we may remind our readers, in January, 1855, and since that date the following appointments have been made. For the Queen's Bench, Mr. Justices Blackburn, Mellor, and Shee. In the Common Pleas, Mr. Justices Willes, Byles, Keating, and Montague Smith. In the Exchequer, Barons Bramwell, Channell, and Pigott. Lord Chelmsford, who was Chancellor for sixteen months in 1858-9, only had one judgeship to give away during his tenure of office. He conferred it on Sir Hugh

Hill, who soon afterwards was compelled to resign it in consequence of ill-health. It is a singular circumstance that, during all this period, not one solitary change has taken place in the permanent staff of the Court of Chancery. The same judges preside there who presided in 1853. But we must not omit to mention that the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Lord Chief Justice Erle, and Sir James Wilde, all owe their present offices to Lord Palmerston. Never since the Reform Bill has there been so fortunate a Minister.

With the prospect of the vacancies to which we have referred before us, we feel exceedingly thankful that Lord Westbury no longer sits on the woolsack. He had fallen into a mischievous habit of promoting barristers to the Bench, not because they were the ablest men in the profession, but because they were fortunate enough to have seats in the House of Commons. Now we admit that it is quite fair that a lawyer in Parliament should have a preference, if he is otherwise highly qualified, for the judicial office. The Government have, then, a clear right to reward him for his support, or, if he be a political opponent, to buy off his opposition. But that a comparatively incompetent person should be appointed just because he is an M.P., and the Government of the day happen to want his seat for somebody else, is an outrage both on the Bar and the public. We need not, however, fear its recurrence while Lord Cranworth is Chancellor. When he was last in office, he chose the best men, whether they wore silk gowns or stuff, and whether they had seats in Parliament, or were without them. Indeed it did so happen that none of the judges whom he made had a seat in the House at the time of their being placed upon the Bench. From 1855 to 1860 the Liberals were lamentably wanting in legal parliamentary strength. Sir Richard Bethell, it is true, was a host in himself; but when he was made Chancellor, nobody of anything like first-rate ability was left until the importation of Sir Roundell Palmer. Lord Cranworth, therefore, wisely went beyond the parliamentary circle for the objects of his patronage, and we are indebted to him, in consequence, for some of the ablest of our judges. It is sufficient to mention the names of Willes, Bramwell, and Byles. There are still practising at the bar several lawyers worthy to be associated with these distinguished men, but whose claims Lord Westbury persistently overlooked. They have a better chance of having their merits recognised by Lord Cranworth.

The general election has placed two eminent liberal lawyers in Parliament; but the qualifications of a man, for example, like Mr. Lush, for the judicial office are higher than theirs. Mr. Coleridge, the new member for Exeter, moreover, probably aspires after political distinction. He is in the very prime of life, and with his highly cultivated mind and great rhetorical power, may fairly hope very soon to be a law officer of the Crown; and it is scarcely to be expected that Mr. Edward James, the new member for Manchester, and leader of the Northern Circuit, would at present be tempted from his large practice by the offer of a puisne judgeship. There is one more great judicial office which, before many months are past, may possibly be empty. The Lord Chief Baron, it is said, has at length resolved on resigning the post on which he has conferred lustre for more than twenty years. We confess ourselves, however, rather sceptical on the subject. Sir Frederic Pollock, like Madame Grisi, has had a good many last seasons, and we very much question whether he will appear in Michaelmas Term positively for the last time. In spite of his great age, he remains an energetic and acute judge. If he does determine to put his place at the disposal of a Liberal Government, there will be much difficulty in filling it satisfactorily. When the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas is vacant, it is always considered as a "cushion" for the repose of the Attorney-General, if he wishes to relinquish the turmoil of politics. But it is not absolutely essential that that functionary should have the refusal of the chiefship of the Court of Exchequer, although, if he were an eminent Common-law barrister, the appointment would almost certainly be offered to him. Sir Roundell Palmer would, of course, decline it. He is an equity lawyer, and his eye is fixed on loftier game. With regard to Sir Robert Collier, the Solicitor-General, his claims are not commanding. He is a fluent speaker, but in legal ability he does not rise above mediocrity. The clothes of Sir Frederic Pollock would be a "world too wide" for him. Lord Palmerston's successor will do well to bestow the office on some one who is already on the Bench. The Court of Exchequer, if it is to recover a reputation which has become somewhat tarnished of late years, must have a firm and experienced chief. Under the rule of Lord Abinger, and in the early days of the present Chief Baron, it was the favourite resort of suitors. Now it is comparatively deserted, and the other two courts are consequently overflowing with business. A weak president in the

Exchequer would really be a public misfortune. We hope that the person selected will be strong enough to restore the court to its former efficiency.

POWDER-PUFFS AT PUMPERNICKEL.

STUTTGART is disturbed. Serious offences have been committed against the person, crown, and dignity of the august Sovereign at present reigning over the extensive realm of Würtemberg. Besides the divinity that doth hedge a King, the illustrious alliances by which his Majesty is united to the Imperial houses of Russia and France give him a position which ought to be as sacred in the eyes of his subjects, and, above all, of his soldiers, as it is, of course, exalted in the consideration of Europe. Queen Olga is a Russian Grand Duchess; but, in the irreverent language of the coarse Suabian serfs, the influence which, as the monarch's better half, she naturally and legitimately exercises in the government of the kingdom is depreciatingly characterized as an "Olgarchy." Again, the more or less valid marriage of the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg with the sometime King of Westphalia is the source to which the world is indebted for a Prince Napoleon, distinguished, we need not say, far beyond his illustrious lineage, for his feats of arms in the Crimea and in Italy, as well as for his discriminating patronage of the professors of the dramatic and gastronomic arts. The late King of Würtemberg had some excellent qualities, but he had the bad taste to live a good deal beyond the period at which fathers are usually obliging enough to open the succession to their heirs. He thus unduly restricted the time within which his son could enjoy the opportunity of exhibiting to an admiring people that pattern of sovereignty by which they are now edified, perhaps too late. His late Majesty, also (whom, as well as other members of the family, the necessities of a revolutionary era had made acquainted with strange bedfellows), had lost with advancing years that just perception of the laws of etiquette, as understood in German courts, which is so well calculated to impress the inferior classes with a proper sense of the merit and dignity of those whom they are born to serve.

From his remissness, we fear, has arisen in a great measure, the deplorable state of things to which the present Sovereign has been at length, within the last few days, obliged to apply a vigorous and urgently required remedy. From the order of the day issued by his Majesty's command to the Würtemberg army on the 15th inst., we gather that the evil has spread itself in quarters which might have been supposed the furthest removed from even the possibility of contagion. "It has been observed with displeasure," the order begins, "that when his Majesty enters the box in the Court Theatre, the officers present do not rise altogether, but upon one side later than upon the other." This is a serious charge. The want of that automatic and mechanical precision always so necessary in military movements, but absolutely essential in the present case, is a slur on the discipline of the Würtemberg service which it is bound in honour to remove. Equally discreditable is it to the officers, as implied by Paragraph 2, that they should need to be reminded of their duty to salute the Queen separately when her Majesty enters the Royal box after the King. They should be ordered, we think, to read "Burke on the French Revolution," and to commit to memory the passage in which the author gives his reminiscences of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Stuttgart is surely the last place in which true *ritterschaft* should cease.

Following the bad example of their officers, the soldiers of the guard, it appears, are much too slow in delivering before their Majesties the salutes prescribed by the regulations. It is certainly a grave offence, and calculated to bring the royal authority into contempt, to permit the sacred persons of the King and Queen to pass unsaluted, and to give to tardy explosions the appearance of a *feu-de-joie* that they had got out of the way. In paragraph 4, notice is taken of mistakes which had occurred in saluting in due time and form their Royal Highnesses Prince Frederick and his consort, Princess Catherine. And, "to avoid error," it is prescribed that, "in case their Royal Highnesses should drive past the post together in a closed carriage, the footman at the back will make a sign to the sentry by raising his arm." The King of Würtemberg is a veritable *ποιμὴν λαῶν*, and he wishes, as a good shepherd, that his sheep—his soldiers especially—should know him. "The excuse that a soldier has omitted the prescribed salute from ignorance of the King's person will no longer be admitted. All soldiers have to make themselves well acquainted with his Majesty's person. For this purpose exact photographs of his Majesty are to be obtained, at the regimental cost, and hung

up in the barrack rooms." Finally, lest by any accident, notwithstanding these provident precautions, any legally salutable personage should go unsaluted, "soldiers are advised, in case of doubt, to deliver the prescribed salute before every closed court carriage."

A wonderful country, truly, is the German Fatherland. Only in it could usages exist such as those of which Thackeray has fixed the *locale* at Pumpernickel, and which we now find reproduced at Stuttgart. Without the constant gleam of the bayonets presented at them and the constant smell of the gunpowder exploded in their honour, its petty potentates would think themselves but ordinary mortals, almost on a level with the serfs on their Crown estates. Smoke, indeed, in one form or another, seems to be the vital breath of German nostrils; and, whether it comes from the bowls of professors' meerschaums or from the mouths of princes' cannons, it is considered the only medium through which real enlightenment can come to a darkened world. They have interpreted, in a way peculiarly their own, the Horatian maxim, "Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem;" and where there is not smoke they do not believe that there can be either heat or light. Time was when Spain was thought to be the true home and sanctuary of courtly formalism,—a formalism so absurdly rigid as scarcely to be relaxed when the incrimination of the Sovereign himself was likely to be the result of its observance. But Germany is now indisputably beyond Spain in that respect, and the minor Courts, in fact, only imitate therein the example of the greater. Some years ago a ludicrous incident happened at Vienna. The Emperor was interrupted in the midst of a Cabinet Council by a message from the Empress, who, it was said, wanted him immediately. On going to her Majesty's apartments, she threw herself before him in an imploring attitude, and begged that she might be allowed the extraordinary privilege of putting on her own stockings. The high dames of the Court, it seems, whose duty it was to perform that function, insisted upon discharging it, though, as their Imperial mistress represented, "they tickled her" when doing so in a way she could not endure. The young Princess, whom fortune had raised to be the partner of the Kaiser's throne, had been brought up in a simple and sensible manner, and really could not see why the hands God had given them should be less useful to Imperial and Royal personages than to any other people. The Emperor yielded, doubtless to the consternation of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, who saw in this innovation a precedent fraught with danger to the most hallowed institutions of the monarchy. If they were thus compelled to surrender their right of tormenting the soles of the Empress's feet, it was clear that the illustrious Fürsten, their relatives, could not long enjoy the gratification of bastinadoing their peasants. Gloomily must they have foreboded, that hands which could touch a stocking would not long continue to hold a sceptre, and the concession of constitutional government must have seemed to them only one of the lesser evils involved in this unprecedented condescension of sovereignty to the ignominious task of putting on its own clothes.

THE GREAT MAN OF FYCHOW.

"ONCE make a giant common," says Mr. Vuffin in the "Old Curiosity Shop," "and giants will never draw again." There is a sound, practical philosophy in this remark which Mr. Marquis Chisholm would do well to realize before he permits his lofty *protégé* to reappear at the Crystal Palace. No doubt the sight gratified many thousand Londoners who would not have attended Chang's levees at the Egyptian Hall; and if we suppose his *entrepreneur* to have been actuated by generous and philanthropic motives in permitting this public exhibition, that gentleman is entitled to all praise for his benevolence. But, judged as a speculation,—and it is impossible to regard even a Celestial who receives halfcrowns from an audience in any other light,—the giant's visit to Sydenham was a mistake. An honorarium of £50, which, we believe, represents the sum paid to Chang on this occasion, is certainly not to be despised. It may equal two, or even three days' receipts in Piccadilly; but then we must remember that familiarity breeds contempt, and that when the great man of Fychow puts himself on a level (we are, of course, only speaking figuratively) with the Champion Skater and Le Petit Blondin, he cannot expect the homage which he is accustomed to receive when he is the great centre of attraction.

The Chinese giant is, in fact, seen to best advantage within walls which, while they enclose an area sufficient to contain a reasonable number of spectators, do not allow the eye to forget the proportions of an ordinary dwelling. These conditions are well fulfilled in his exhibition-room at the Egyptian Hall, where

this extraordinary specimen of humanity now holds his daily receptions. Chang must not be confounded with those obese and overgrown monsters who pitched their tents among the booths of Bartlemy Fair, or who, in our own day, form the chief source of interest at a country-raree-show. His size is indeed remarkable, but it is by no means his only claim to popularity. Greater men, in a physical sense, there certainly have been. Goliath is represented to have measured six cubits and a span, or about nine feet nine inches in height. The tyrant Maximin, according to Zuinglius, was more than eight feet tall, and of proportionate strength, for he could draw a loaded waggon unaided, and break down trees with his hand. His appetite appears to have been even on a larger scale. In the last century "a three-bottle man" was not rare at the dinner-table, but, if we may put any faith in the pages of Lemprière, this insatiate emperor tossed off his eighteen quarts of wine daily, as a proper accompaniment to the *forty* pounds of meat with which he refreshed himself! Pliny makes mention of an Arabian—one Gabara, brought to Italy in the reign of Claudius—who wanted but three inches of ten feet. John Middleton, the "Child of Hale," a Lancashire giant, was born in 1578. He was introduced to James I. by one of the Irelands, and at that time exceeded nine feet in height. His hand alone, we are assured on medical authority, measured seventeen inches from the carpus to the end of the middle finger. Patrick Cotter, the celebrated Irish giant, who died in the early part of the present century, was seven feet eight inches tall. "Big Sam," the porter of the Prince of Wales, at Carlton Palace, was nearly eight feet high, and performed as a giant in the romance of "Cymon," while the Opera House was occupied by a company from Drury Lane.

It will thus be seen that while Chang takes an average position among modern giants, he does not quite approach the bulk of some described in antiquity. There are, however, two facts which, in addition to his exceptional size, will probably make him a great favourite in England. In the first place, he is a native of that country concerning which the greatest amount of popular curiosity has long prevailed in our own. Secondly, he is a gentleman. We do not now allude to that mysterious order of the Blue Button with which he is said to have been invested—nor even to his education, which he describes as being based on the "classic aphorisms of Confucius and Mencius." There may or there may not be some small degrees of romance—not to say humbug—in the so-called autobiography of our celestial friend, which is sold for sixpence at the entrance of his winter palace in Piccadilly. It contains so few particulars of his real life, and so many maxims of a moral tendency, that one might almost suppose it to be the pious fraud of a zealous Methodist. But whatever honours he may have received, or whatever studies he may have prosecuted, Chang has certainly learned the art of behaving with decorum. No monarch could receive a deputation of his subjects in a more dignified manner than that in which he rises to greet his audience. His features, instead of being coarse and uncouth, as a giant's features are too frequently represented in illustrated fairy stories, exhibit great refinement, and, judged by a Chinese standard of beauty, may really be called handsome. His expression is singularly mild and gentle, almost to effeminacy. There is something very courteous and engaging, too, in his mien as he walks about from one spectator to another, shaking hands with all who desire that honour. A pleasant smile passes over his face while this kindly greeting goes on, but once on his reception throne again, the great Celestial resumes his gravity. It is, of course, impossible to say how far and in what respect Chang is personally interested in the pecuniary success of his levees; but to all appearance as he sits fanning himself in a robe of gorgeously embroidered silk, and looking benignantly down from his throne towards his visitors, he seems profoundly indifferent to any considerations of a commercial kind.

Chang, according to the account published in his name, is nineteen summers old, and was born at Fychow, a city in the Au-hwy province of the Chinese empire. His family, for generations past, appear to have been of extraordinary stature. He has an elder brother, "Chang-Sou-Gow," not quite so tall as himself, but a heavier and stronger man. The Footow of Foo-Chow-Foo (whoever that exalted personage may be) has conferred upon this brother, who is serving in the Imperial army, the honorary title of "Cheen Chung," which, no doubt, is very gratifying to the family. Chang has one married sister only six feet high, but his favourite sister, Chen-Yow-Tzu, who died not long ago, was ten inches taller than himself. Country journalists, who love to chronicle the size of monster gooseberries and delight in recording that species of anecdote which is usually headed "Strange if true," have a

habit of making little addition sums of octogenarian couples, and alluding to superannuated brothers, whose "united ages" amount to so and so. If the aggregate height of the two last generations of Changs could be thus brought before the public, who knows to what altitude it might reach? We should not be surprised if it o'ertopped the Duke of York's column, spike and all. The race of giants is not yet extinct—at least in the Celestial Empire. The untimely death of his sister appears to have plunged the Goliath of Fychow into an excess of grief which only found abatement in travel. After taking counsel of his prince, Wang-Tze-Foo, he set out for Shanghai, where he first saw Western faces, and the palaces which our merchant princes have raised there. His father, the good Chang-Tzing, before quitting this sphere, had plainly hinted to his son that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, and lamented that during his own life he had seen so little. "Go," said he to young Chang with his parting breath, "go, let your mission be, when I am gone, to travel up and down throughout the world, and write a book of the strange sights you see in other lands; and when you come to your old home again, the spirit of your father will be glad." Acting on this sound advice, and possibly being further incited by the prospect of a tolerable addition to his income, Chang accepted the overture of Mr. Chisholm, and agreed to visit England. One condition, however, was made by the youthful giant, and this was that he should first marry, and that his wife should accompany him on his journey. Now marriages in China would seem to be generally conducted on a plan which leaves the parties most interested no option in the matter. Our hero must therefore be congratulated on having been left free to wed the young lady of his choice. King Foo is a name which to English ears conveys the idea of a male monarch; but when we are told that it means nothing more or less than the *honest lily*, and when we find that the Honest Lily is a bashful, gentle, even pretty-looking young China-woman, we feel sure that King Foo has long become the Queen of Chang's heart, and that she will make him an excellent wife. There is certainly no slight disparity in their height—Mrs. Chang being about two feet six shorter than her husband—but then love levels all such distinctions; and if every man over six feet could not marry unless he found a wife of proportionate height, what would become of all our Life Guardsmen and little nursemaids?

Grave historians have recorded that Scandinavia was originally inhabited by giants, whose drinking songs and Bacchanalian orgies were long remembered in tradition. But Chang, whatever his ancestors may have been, is extremely temperate in his habits. We understand that he never touches wine or beer, and when we add that his principal meal consists of tea and cold pork, it may be reasonably inferred that his digestive faculties are of no ordinary kind. Chang is accompanied by an interpreter, Kaan Koon, and his secretary, Ah Look, who acts also as cashier. The "Rebel Dwarf," Chung Mow, is a little Tartar, in more senses than one perhaps. In expression his features seem sufficiently removed from the type of ordinary humanity to realize what Mr. Ruskin would call "noble grotesque." He stands somewhat under three feet high in his stockings, and is a violent politician. So excited was he the other day by the last news of the Chinese war, that he became positively incapacitated from appearing at the giant's levee. Since the days of poor Albert Smith, the Egyptian Hall has never embraced so great a variety of attraction as it has done during the past month. Its walls have echoed with the hearty laughter which the adventures of Mrs. Brown, as described by that genial humourist, Arthur Sketchley, never fail to elicit. Hard by, the cleverest conjuror of his age, Stodare held and still holds his nightly séances. On the ground floor, Chang, of Fychow, condescends to exhibit his mighty proportions, and *chin-chin* an appreciative audience. Where shall we find again, under one and the same roof, so rare an assemblage of mirth, of magic, and of marvels?

SOCIAL-SCIENCE VIEWS OF MORALITY AND RELIGION.

It is often said that the march of science is not favourable to the interests of religion. Of science, properly so called, this cannot be held to be generally true; but there is, unfortunately, only too much ground for such an assertion in the attitude which certain so-called scientific schools maintain towards religious creeds and exercises. Thus, for instance, at the Social Science Congress at Berne, a week or two since, the section

which took the welfare of instruction and education under its especial protection indulged itself with a spirited crusade against religion viewed as a matter of practical utility. It is true that one of the orators, in a post-prandial speech, announced to the assembled multitudes of socially scientific ladies and gentlemen that they had all been making a long voyage together into the intellectual regions which form the domain of the angels; but that was only a figure of speech, a flight of rhetoric, and the mention of angels had no necessary connection whatever with even a very slight amount of religious belief.

The question under discussion in this enlightened section related to the principles on which schools for the education of the young ought to be conducted. Should this education be entirely independent of positive religions, or not? In other words, should "godless colleges"—as our Governmental attempts in Ireland have been called—be the rule? In the treatment of the question, all sorts of methods were employed by the gentlemen who were kind enough to come forward as guides and advisers of the managers of such schools throughout the world. Indeed, the orators differed so much among themselves, that one of them, a misguided person, actually declared himself a believer; but he was in a small minority. The temper of the assembly was such that, when a bold speaker expressed his conviction that our own moral force is not sufficient to keep us in straight paths, and that some help from religious principle is at times required, his remarks were received with demonstrative disapprobation of so decided and violent a character that the flow of his speech was entirely interrupted, and he had to wait till the uproar had ceased before he could continue his observations.

It is worth while to look at some of the statements made by these votaries of social science, "labourers in the service of intelligence," as their president called them, "sowing seed in the world which time would bring to maturity." Once upon a time, so one philosopher remarked, it was religion which judged moral principle; now, we having changed all that, it is moral principle that judges religion, and we owe this happy emancipation to the reform movement in the sixteenth century, and the other movement—how shall we call it?—in the eighteenth. If *la morale* be not independent of religion, then liberty of conscience cannot be respected; and here it is that most religions show themselves immoral, for they tend to produce a belief in the irresponsibility of man. It is to be hoped—still the same orator—that eventually some sort of harmony may be re-established between religion and morality, but it must be, we suppose, on terms less advantageous to the former than she has up to this time arrogantly claimed. M. Lecocq spoke next. He believed—though he would fain have seen his way to good ground for an opposite belief—that it is practically impossible entirely to eliminate the priest from schools, but it is of the utmost importance to see that such institutions are in no sort of way the humble servants of priest or minister. Switzerland has seen too many examples of the disastrous effects of a confusion between the domains of morality and the domains of religion ever to stand the like again. And besides, the Bible really contains such a quantity of immoral stories that it is impossible to explain it to children. M. de Rougemont—all honour to his name—M. de Rougemont dared to confess that from having been a free thinker he had once more come to believe; but as that was scarcely the line the itching ears of the audience desired to be tickled by, M. de Rougemont's speech occupies only three lines of the official *procès-verbal*. The next speaker began better, for he kindly consented to the exclusion of ministers of religion from State schools; but he went off into a warm defence of Calvin, whom somebody or nobody had attacked directly or indirectly, and so his speech did not come to much in the social science balance. The unscientific way of dealing with the question which M. de Rougemont had taken up found another exponent in his successor in the second degree, who declared that he held out the right hand of fellowship to the spiritualists, and after ripe examination of the general question of religion, stood forth as a believer. He for the moment conciliated the audience by leading them to suppose that he was about to make an interesting suggestion, which might turn out to be social or scientific, or possibly both—for he advised them to adopt a new subject for study; but when they found that this was but the old story, religion, and that he was unscientific enough to hold that they ought to study it before passing judgment upon it, they doubtless felt that an outrage was being committed upon them, and that membership in an international social science association might really have saved them from such treatment. The next orator put them in good spirits again. He went to any lengths they liked, and was scientific enough

to please and satisfy the most exacting and most scientific (socially) of his hearers. There is no form of religion worthy of having morality considered as a part of it. The sanction of philosophy—how delightful this for an audience which had gone through all that the three previous speakers had dragged them through—the sanction of philosophy is superior to that of religion. People may talk of the alliance between religion and morality; they talk nonsense. That alliance is impotent to the last degree; and as one of the many proofs of this impotence the world may take the general dissoluteness of morals which prevails therein, unchecked by the boasted alliance. We must confess to an utter inability to follow the meaning and force of this proof. Possibly M. Boucher would retort that he only engages to provide arguments, and does not profess to gift his readers or his hearers with understanding. The world must find some other basis than religion for its teaching in schools, this philosophical gentleman continued and ended; for that old-fashioned basis has been tried in centuries of balances, and has it not been found wanting? M. Boucher is not, however, like Dr. Colenso, as that colonial prelate is represented by his adversaries and is credited by some of his friends, a mere puller down of the old things—the old rubbish, as M. Boucher perhaps would say. He has a basis to propose for the ground of all education, which he feels confident is exactly the thing we want. He gives us its name, and some time or other perhaps he may give us some idea of its meaning. At present we must be satisfied to know—and how grateful we ought to be for so liberal an illumination in our benighted state—that the style and title of this new and all-sufficient principle is "scientific morality." To elucidate the meaning of this phrase is not for an ordinary journalist's intellectual capacity. The heroic genius which fired the man who, in the times of the demigods, conducted the *Eatonswill Gazette*, and set his critic to read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C, and so combined the information for an article on Chinese metaphysics, might possibly produce an exhaustive essay on "scientific morality," considered as a basis for the education of the young, in place of the exploded basis of religion; but not men as men now are. Unfortunately there was no chance of light being thrown upon the matter on the spot, for only two more speakers addressed the meeting before the inexorable end of all sectional existence came; and of these one was a poor man completely behind the world, who held that it was not necessary to separate morality and religion; and the other expressly objected to every kind of catechism or formulary, whether for religious or moral teaching, and found relief from the difficulties of the question in the nebulous theory that religion and morality alike should be taught practically, without formularies.

It is sufficiently evident from these extracts, that if "science" means social science as it appeared in Section II. at Berne on this occasion, and the line there taken be called "progress," then indeed "the progress of science" is decidedly unfavourable to the interests of religion. It is fortunate that these suppositions can be met with a negative.

CHESS-PLAYING.

In some parts of Germany and Italy, and particularly in Rome, the *Café* system, the absence of which among ourselves we took occasion to lament some months ago, is associated with a good deal of chess-playing; and it would not be easy to give too much encouragement to a game so innocent, noiseless, and intellectual, which is never played for money, and cannot minister to any ignoble propensity. It is impossible to read our weekly periodicals, and observe the never-failing succession of new problems proposed and solutions given, without being convinced that chess is abundantly played here in private society; yet the fact of the very first book printed in England in moveable types having been a translation by William Caxton of a famous Italian work on chess, seems to show that "the pleasaunt and wittie playe of the Cheasts" was even more popular in this country four hundred years ago than it is now. Considering how few persons could read, how much opposition was offered to the printing-press, and how great was the risk of publication, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for Caxton having, in 1474, made choice of this subject for his first experiment. But, however this may have been, the volume that issued from the abbot's house in Westminster could not but give a considerable stimulus to English chess-playing. The original from which it was taken had been acquiring increased celebrity during 270 years, and certainly contained much curious and valuable information. Of course it had its own theory of the origin of chess, which will ever

remain matter of dispute; and it tells so pretty a story on that head, that every one who reads it wishes it may be the true account. A philosopher, it says, named Philometer, invented it in the time of Evilmerodach, King of Babylon, with the view of conveying to his Majesty in an inoffensive manner a lesson in the uses of mercy. This the game taught by showing that kings, queens, knights, and common pawns, had each their proper places and relative duties, and that the pawns, far from being on the whole inferior pieces, constituted in fact, when well managed, the strength of the game. The lesson was much needed, for the king was "so tyrannous and felon, that he might suffer no correction, but slewe them, and put them to deth, that corrected him." Happily Philometer's good design was completely successful. He not only kept his head on his shoulders, but the king "thanked him greatly, and changed his lyf, his manners, and alle his evil condicions." Another account of the origin of chess is, that, during the Siege of Troy, Palamedes invented it for the Grecian soldiers, to enable them to kill time, which hung rather heavily on their hands. Hence, when Labourdonnais established the first Chess Magazine, in 1836, he called it *Le Palamède*. But after Niebuhr has ridden rough-shod over all the fables of the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, the Goddess Egeria, and the like, one is apt to be very suspicious of any story that dates from Priam and the Trojan horse. There is an old English black-letter translation from the Italian on this ancient game, which assigns to it a curious origin. Lydie and Tyrrhene, it says, were two brothers, "who, being afflicted with great hunger and famine, did invent this playe, to the end that in playinge of it they myghte employe their spirites so vehementlye that they myghte more easily passe the faminall affliction." "Indeede," it adds, "they passed the tyme so well that they made but three meales in two days." In our present prospects of murrain and scarcity, it may perhaps be worth consideration, how far a passion for chess would serve us also as a *pièce de résistance* in the assaults of famine.

But Lydie and Tyrrhene are far from being the only witnesses to the absorbing influence of chess. The last of the Caliphs continued deep in the game while the enemy was at the gates of Bagdad, and cried out, when warned of his danger, "Let me alone, for I see a move to checkmate my opponent;" and a messenger, who came to the Danish Court on urgent business, found King Canute engaged in it at midnight. The fire-eating monarch, Charles XII. of Sweden, used very characteristically to push the king forward, and make more use of it than of any piece on the board. In this way he often exposed himself to checkmate, as by similar hazards in the field he frequently endangered his kingdom. When he was besieged in his house at Bender, with a few adherents, by a whole army of Turks, Voltaire tells us that he barricaded the doors, looked to the defences, and then was sufficiently composed to sit down to chess, and expose his king as before. In some parts of Europe, in the Middle Ages, the devotion to chess was so excessive, and withdrew persons to such an extent from their honest calling, that the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, thought it needful to interfere. Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, forbade clergymen to play or keep a board; and St. Louis of France visited chess-playing with a fine. Such discouragements, however, have been very rare and partial, and chess, like the chase, has ever been esteemed a princely recreation. Charlemagne played at it while governing half Europe, and some ivory chessmen, said to have been used by him, are preserved at St. Denis. Tamerlane built an obelisk of 90,000 heads which he had cut off, yet, in his softer moods, diverted himself with chess. Philip II. of Spain, and Charles V., his father, found time for chess amid their wars and conquests; so did Catharine de Medicis and Henry IV. of France. Leo X. to his love of arts added that of chess; and Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV., William III., and Frederick the Great, the most notable sovereigns of modern times, were all skilled in the Indian game. We call it Indian, for antiquaries are now unanimous in their opinion that it was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and was invented, as Gibbon says, in India, to admonish kings that they are strong only in the strength of their subjects, and was introduced into Persia in the reign of Nushivran, about the middle of the sixth century.

Some three hundred years ago, Leonardo, a Calabrian, accomplished a singular feat. Having set out for Madrid, where he intended to challenge the great chess-player, Ruy Lopez, he heard that his brother had been taken by some corsairs. He determined to ransom him, and actually won his ransom by playing chess with the captain of the galley, in which his captive brother was sitting chained to the oar. He then proceeded to Madrid, and, in the presence of the Court,

had the satisfaction of beating Father Ruy Lopez, who was esteemed the best player in Europe, and had composed a valuable treatise "on the liberal invention and art of chess." In its palmy days the game was sometimes played with real men and women on a chequered pavement of black and white marble. Don John of Austria had such a chess-board, on which living pieces moved under his direction. A Duke of Weimar also converted his soldiers into chessmen, and managed them in a similar way. Sometimes the field of action was a level turf, divided into sixty-four squares of alternate gravel and grass. There is a curious anecdote related of an Eastern sovereign in connection with the chess-board. Wishing to reward the services of his Prime Minister, he desired him to choose a present. The Minister replied that he would be satisfied with one grain of corn on the first square of the board, two on the second, four on the third, and so on, doubling each time till the last square was reached. The Sultan laughed in scorn at so paltry a demand; but, on his Minister's insisting that he desired nothing more, he summoned his secretaries, and was amazed at being informed that his dominions would not yield the quantity of grain required, nor his entire resources suffice to purchase it. In the year 1785, the game of chess was made the means of a famous hoax. A certain Kempelen exhibited what he called an automaton chess-player in London. It was a figure dressed as a Turk, and placed behind a chest. This Kempelen used to open, so as to display the machinery which seemed to impart motion to the Turk while playing intricate games with any of the spectators. But the marvellous nature of the machinery was at last exploded, and the inventor fared no better than the brothers Davenport have fared in Paris. It was discovered that the chest concealed a full-grown man, who could stretch his arm down the "automaton," and direct its movements in the game. The machinery was all a feint, and intended only to disarm suspicion. There was another and a more honourable "automaton chess-player" in London in 1820. The living player was M. Mouret; he was concealed with great skill, and many of his games are still on record. The celebrity which he obtained contributed to the formation of chess clubs, which have led to the establishment of the British Chess Association, and the reduction of the laws of chess into a fixed and recognised code.

A peculiar combination of mental faculties is necessary to attain great proficiency in the game; but a man may be a first-rate player without being in other respects remarkably clever. There is something quite magical in the strategy and forethought of a great adept. A Saracen named Buzzecca came to Florence in 1266, and played with three persons at one time, seeing only one of the boards. Sacchieri, the mathematical professor at Pavia, played four games at a time, without having any of them before his eyes, and he remembered, and could set down if required, every move that had been made from the commencement of the game. Philidor's feats in the last century are too well known to be repeated; but they yield in importance to the surprising instances of skill we have seen in our own day. A young American named Murphy has played eight games of chess at a time without seeing the boards, and Paulsen, another American, has played twelve under similar circumstances. Murphy's games, though fewer in number, were of a higher order than those of Paulsen. An old Spanish writer, Don Pietro Carrera, recommends players, in order to win, "to avoid filling their bellies with superfluous food, because fulness is contrary to speculation, and obfuscates the sight." "Those persons," he adds, "are praiseworthy who, previous to playing, clear their heads by medicines, which have the virtue of rendering the spirits pure and subtle;" but unless the medicine comes to them in some agreeable shape, few of our readers, we suspect, will feel inclined to follow the prescription.

FURNITURE AND FURNISHING.

Among the effects produced by the original Great Exhibition, none is more universally noticeable than the improvement in the way of good taste that it has brought about in the manufacturers and purchasers of every kind of furniture and ornament. From the attic to the cellar-kitchen, all must now be, to some extent, tasteful. The heavy and serviceable old mountains of furniture which blocked up our grandmothers' rooms, and afforded abundant store-places for home-spun linen and home-made preserves, have given place to airy and graceful forms of spired and fluted fancy woods. The unhealthy and monstrous four-posters, with hangings impervious to the fresh air, and warranted to check all attempt at ventilation,

and suggest all manner of concealed burglars and possible ghosts, are replaced by "new design brass French bedsteads, scroll ends, very handsome," or, if people will have some sort of canopy over their pillows, by "very handsome stont taper-tube brass half-tester bedsteads, richly mounted." Little houses two windows broad and two high must have a drawing-room with at least a "superior rosewood or walnut chiffonier, marble top, glass back and glass doors, richly carved," and probably a frail what-not with carved or twisted pillars and warped shelves. There are "new designs" for everything, and new designs are so pretty, and so tempting, and so dear. They are so suggestive of wants which we have never dreamed of before, wants which we are in eager haste to meet as soon as we become conscious of them. When once the mania for having pretty things seizes upon a house-wife, farewell economy! The nice old china plate or dish that used to hold in such a home-like and friendly manner the few biscuits of which our frugal dessert was composed, must go into oblivion, for the Exhibition dishes are so very elegant; and, though servants have an innate aversion to fancy glass and earthenware, and bring its existence to a violent termination on the first practicable opportunity, that poor old china dish is never allowed to appear again, except by chance when the frequent interregnum occurs. There is no doubt that to be always surrounded by pretty and really elegant things has a very good effect upon the mind, and that children brought up in an atmosphere of Pompeian bronzes and classical ornaments of all kinds, the resources of art making useful and necessary things beautiful, and investing every-day life with an air of elegance and refinement, have much more chance of becoming worthy men and women than those in whose early education a plainness and tastelessness—not to say squalor—of surrounding objects plays a part. And so, if due discretion be used, the more we avail ourselves of the *renaissance* now going on, the better.

But there is a great difference between having necessary things pretty rather than ugly, and having unnecessary things because they are pretty. So much has been written of late about the absurdly high pitch to which the cost of living has been strung up, that it might be supposed there is nothing more to be said on the subject. But the public mind has dealt chiefly with the question of eating and drinking, of servants, of carriages and horses. The minor, though important question of extravagance in the acquisition of merely pretty things has not been adequately discussed. This question is rising each day into greater importance. Instead of the safe old rule which taught us to have a use for a thing before we thought of buying it, we now go to shops and look at pretty things and try to invent some use for them. "Oh, how very lovely! can I find an excuse for buying it?" is an exclamation with which the keepers of shops for pretty things are familiar. They will tell their experience freely. The answer generally is, "No, I really have nowhere to put it," or "have no use for it;" but that is not the final decision. "Yes, I will have it; it is sure to come in for something, and it is so lovely," is more usually the upshot of the matter. In this way, things of small intrinsic value are collected, which run away with a great deal of money that might have been much more profitably spent. The advance of taste is in fact a hostile march upon our purses, and this is a serious item in our increased expenditure. Not perhaps that each pretty thing is in itself so very dear, or at least so very much dearer than the same thing would have been if decked in ugliness, but the temptation is so great and so plausible. We really do ourselves good, in a high sense, by surrounding ourselves with elegancies, and the man who buys an ugly butter-dish or tea-pot because it is by a fractional part of its price cheaper than one of more elegant construction, is practising an unwise economy, unless he can really not honestly afford the luxury of the more graceful article. Still, if any one who has been buying a good many things of the kind for a month or two will take the trouble to add up the numerous little sum of "only five shillings more," "only another pound," and so on, which he has paid as the difference between the plain old things and the new designs, he will probably be startled to find how very large a percentage the improved style puts upon furniture and ornaments.

Unfortunately, the spirit of social competition has laid an unpleasant hand upon this question. It is only too true that the lady of many a household indulges in some furnishing extravagance, not because the things she gets are in themselves very beautiful—though they may be so—but because the lady of some other household has been doing the same sort of thing, and the world expects it of her. She is as well able to afford it as her neighbour, or nearly so, and she cannot see why her house should not be as attractive as the other houses frequented by the circle of her friends. This is to vulgarize

the whole thing, and on these terms the presence of elegant things cannot have so refining an influence as it ought to have. On the general question thus opened, volumes might be written, and have been written; but there is another part of the subject of furnishing which claims attention at present—namely, how and where to get your furniture, especially if you live in a country town. A statistician would probably be able to tell how much money is spent each year in advertising cheap or good furniture warehouses in London, many advertisers preferring to unite those epithets, and call their warehouses cheap and good. He would apportion the sum, and subtract the amounts thus determined from the advertised prices of the stock, and would prove to his own satisfaction that it is impossible for the things to be good at the prices named. Not that those prices are so much lower than the prices charged in provincial towns, where the tradesmen have a personal connection to keep up, and a character for honesty to lose. Any one who has not tried the experiment will be surprised at the results he obtains by walking through a responsible furniture warehouse in his own county town with one of the London catalogues in his hand, and comparing the prices asked with those given in the catalogue. He will generally come to the conclusion that, considering the cost of carriage and the chances of injury by rail, he will furnish at less expense at home than by resorting to an establishment in town, to say nothing of the guarantee which the country tradesman gives by his intimate connection with his customers. There is the shop always open; and if the legs of the chairs come off, or the drawers will not shut, or the damask is found to be full of flaws, the purchaser can go in at any moment he chooses, and have it out with the man who sold him the things. In some cases it is well known the cheap advertisement is only a lure, and when the unwary world is brought to the shop, articles much more expensive than those advertised, and very dear in themselves, are produced. Thus, for instance, a great house spends many thousands a year in advertising cutlery, and excellent dessert knives are pressed upon the public at thirteen and sixteen shillings a dozen. But when the public makes its appearance, and asks to look at dessert knives, a neat article at twenty-five is shown; and if the public thinks that a good deal of money for a shop where it expects everything for nothing, the affable gentleman who gives his services to the customers can put in an ordinary knife at twenty, but scarcely recommends it, and as for the sixteen and thirteen, he believes they *have* knives as low, but there is no wear in them. Of all things in the world, however, a chance West-end silversmith is the thing to be avoided by anyone who wishes to buy silver spoons and forks; we carefully say a *chance* silversmith, for a long list could be made of excellent and honest tradesmen in that branch of business. A man sees a bundle of tea-spoons, of a neat old pattern that reminds him of the days when he had godmothers and grandmothers. They are small, but two pound eighteen a dozen seems low, and he takes them. Dessert spoons of the old-fashioned shape, without a particle of chasing or ornamentation, look venerable, and seem at two-fifteen the half-dozen to be sufficiently reasonable. He takes them also. Arrived at his home in the country town, he sends them with other things to be engraved by his silversmith, whom he has always looked upon—he does not know why—as the incarnation of old-fashioned dearness; indeed, it is because of that belief that he has had recourse to London. The man looks critically at the spoons. He remarks to their owner that he wonders he has gone in for "cheap teas," and asks as a matter of curiosity how much the lot cost. The scales prove that ten-and-sixpence an ounce is rather under than above the price that has been extorted for the old rubbish, whereas the newest patterns are about seven-and-tenpence. Then the dessert spoons. The sharp eye of the silversmith detects compound fractures in two out of the six. He asserts that, even if they were not broken, such spoons could only be sold for the melting-pot at 5s. an ounce, and 6s. 6d. would be a fancy price if any one happened to wish to keep them. An appeal to the scales shows that 9s. 8½d. has been given. There is one comfort; it must have been a mistake, for the London tradesman from whom they were purchased is one of the many silversmiths to the Queen, and is well known as a great dealer in second-hand plate. It must have been one pound eighteen, and one pound fifteen. But, no! The "silversmith to the Queen" says, on being applied to, that it is no mistake. The spoons are unique (there are some little bundles of the identical spoon in the country shop at 18s. the half-dozen), and 10s. 6d. an ounce is a low figure. For the dessert-spoons 9s. 8½d. is too little. Yes, he will be very happy to change them; but he cannot supply spoons at anything like 7s. 10d.—he would lose money by it. The great houses that sell them new at 7s. 4d. and 7s. 10d. have such a

large sale that they can afford it. He has *not* heard of the Irish apple-woman who declared that she lost on every apple she sold, but, the Lord be praised, she sold a good many of them. The unfortunate purchaser tries an exchange, but finds he is getting done so much worse than ever, that he gives it up, goes home with his spoons, and vows that he will for the future patronize his country friend whose prices are, after all, very considerably lower than the West-end firms can afford in fairness to themselves. If space allowed, abundant illustrations of the folly of going to shops in town for articles which can be procured from respectable tradesman at home, might be added. Give the country tradesman a fair chance, and put him upon his mettle, by telling him of London competition, and he will supply sound and reliable things in the way of furniture at quite as low a rate as the advertising houses.

BEAUTY IN HARNESS.

THERE are in the nature of things numberless truths under the influence of which we are acting every hour of our lives with no more than the haziest conception of the power they exercise over us. Coelebs in search of a wife sets out with the determination that his selection shall be faultless. Although riches and intellect and beauty are matters not to be disesteemed, he will not seek any single gift of nature or cultivation, but will secure for himself the harmonious combination of all those qualifications which go to make up a good wife. He talks finely about mental excellence, and declares that beauty is but skin deep, and that the only beauty which will succeed in attracting him is the hidden beauty of the soul. And what is the result of all this magnanimity of purpose? He sees a pretty face and a charming figure, and the spell is so strong upon him that he is not more than half an hour in the society of the owner of these attractions before he persuades himself that these outward characteristics are the efflorescence of the hidden beauty within. The truth is, he has fallen in love; and put the matter in any way you please, it is the pretty face and the elegant figure, the silver tongue, the winning ways, that have captivated his heart. The man who had constructed a code of laws so severely correct, for his own guidance, has succumbed to one of the simplest laws of nature, of whose existence he was not aware, and of whose existence even now he has no philosophical conception. Possibly he may have done very well, and the woman whom he has fallen in love with may make him a good wife; and possibly he may have been deceived by a fair face, and in this instance has proved the correctness of his own axiom that beauty is but skin deep. There is one thing however quite certain,—it was the outward form that won his heart.

We live in an age whose special boast is that it ransacks the corners of the earth, and leaves nothing alone that can be made to contribute to the use and edification of man. We have not remained the mere awed spectators of what fire and water and electricity can do. Illustrations these—too familiar, perhaps, to be worth quoting; but being the three leading powers by which we have changed the face of the earth, they are convenient instances of how man can wield an element of nature if he does but grasp it. We have, of course, become so habituated to the uses which we daily make of these great contributions to our civilization, that we regard them as integral portions of our very existence; and it is only when we are led, it may be, by some accidental circumstance into the contemplation of the marvellous details which draw life from their appliances, that we are forcibly struck by their overruling attributes. The ingenuity of man would seem to have taxed their usefulness to the utmost. But all this has not been accomplished without a thorough study and apprehension of those forces which nature has placed within the reach of intelligence. We know that it has been accomplished, and we know that we are reaping the fruits of its accomplishment; and, judging from our experience of the past and present, we believe that it is only necessary that the existence of some great material or moral force be discovered to insure its being utilized to the promotion of mankind.

From the commencement of the world up to the present time there has been no need for a voyage of discovery in search of beauty. Its objective power has manifested itself over the whole face of the earth, revealing itself to the vision of man, whose heart it has ravished through his eye. There has been no lack of an acknowledgment of the power of beauty; but the acknowledgment has been rather an unreasoning submission to its spell than an intelligent appreciation of its force. Indeed, its spell is so charming and delightful, that we may well be excused if we shrink from abandoning its silken fetters. To

emancipate the slaves of beauty would seem to be a positive cruelty. What would the full-grown man be if he had never known a child's enjoyment? And it is that delicious abandonment to the influence of beauty over our unreasoning senses that confers upon it its power.

Will the exhibition of the magic lantern, with all its fanciful and grotesque figures, ever succeed in affording us the delight which we experienced when we looked upon them with the eyes of children? The more blindly and the less philosophically we abandon ourselves to the gazing upon those outward forms which attract the eye, the greater will be the real enjoyment we derive from them. Why seek, then, to diminish that joy with which the unreasoning apprehension of the beautiful fills the otherwise weary heart of man? Why not let his instincts have their harmless and childish fill in one bright spot where the cold intellectual plough has not yet found its way? Surely in this age we have been inundated with philosophy more than enough to satisfy the hardest utilitarian. Can we not let alone one rich banquet of God's creation without seeking to introduce into it the bitter fruit which we have plucked from the tree of knowledge? The wear and tear of to-day's world may well tempt us to reason in this way. But the science of astronomy has not availed to deprive us of that ecstatic joy which we experience in gazing up into the gold-studded canopy of heaven. We have not enjoyed the glorious vision the less if we have had some friend with us who could call the stars by their names. Gazing, too, upon the silver moon as she shows herself in the heavens and is mirrored on the ocean's bosom, the spectacle has not lost its power over us because we happened to know whence she borrows her light, and how the tides are affected by her presence. The rising and the setting of the sun, and his brilliant appearance in the heavens, are visions not less glorious to us because we can note in our almanacks the precise moment of his morning appearance and his evening departure. The lightning, as it flashes through the heavens, loses nothing of its grandeur in our eyes because we have ceased to regard it as the material exhibition of God's anger, and can discuss its coming and its going by the light of our knowledge of the laws of electricity. The worshippers of the sun would not welcome us on a mission to rob them of their God; but if we were to show them how we made him paint our portraits, we might at all events succeed, if we got no further, in convincing them that the sun was set in the heavens for some other purposes than an object of their worship. Let us rather say that the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the fire, and the water, and the lightning, and the green trees, and the mountains, and the hills, and the valleys, and the rocks, and almost every particular feature of this grand material universe, have had their worshippers. But this has all passed away; and the objects of all this worship have lost their titles of gods and have condescended to become our servants, and we have harnessed them to our chariots.

And what is the fate of Beauty? Is she drawing our chariot, or is she a goddess still? She who owns property in all those objects whose worship we have abandoned seems to collect together her possessions into one imposing whole, and, taking her stand apart, to defy us to assail her throne. Her empire is over the hearts of men, and the sceptre will never fall from her hand. The heart of man will never cease to bow down before her; but, in spite of all her divine power of fascination, she must, to make good her title, do homage to the intellect of man. And this very subjection is the source of all her true strength. Paradoxical as it may appear, she is our empress and our slave, and if she were not our slave her empire would fall to pieces. Can we say, then, that Beauty has fallen into the utilitarian grasp of man? Yes, we hold in our hands a sovereign queen, and can at our will bring all her queenly power to bear upon our fellowmen. We, ourselves, may be, in our own regard, her helpless slaves; we may adore her with all the abject worship of fanatics; but this will not diminish our empire over her in others regard. Nay, more, it will strengthen it. We do not worship an object in the true sense of worship unless our faith in it is strong; and the stronger our faith in the power of beauty the greater will be our dominion over her.

Men of thought are now opening their eyes to the grand power which the moral attributes of beauty can exercise over the face of society. In our efforts to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes, the great cry is the difficulty of getting at them. We say that if we could but get at them, we could do something for them. We can get at them if we go the right way to work. In their dwellings, in their workshops, in their literary institutions, in their places of recreation, in their places of worship, in every place where their hearts can be operated upon, we can set up the attractions of beauty.

These are the loadstones by which we can draw the people. The growing taste for amusements, which is manifesting itself in every class of society from the highest to the lowest, tells us that a new spirit is alive, and we must be dull indeed if we cannot see that one of the leading characteristics of this new spirit is its appreciation of the beautiful. There is no phase of life upon which the power of beauty cannot be brought to bear for good if wielded by thoughtful minds. It is impossible to exaggerate it, and although we may pity poor Cœlebs for running headlong upon the rock of Scylla whilst he sought to avoid Charybdis, we know that the road between the two rocks is growing wider and wider; and that as we see the multitude clinging to the wheels of Beauty's chariot as it holds its course in the middle of the road, we see also that she is drawing the weight, and that man is the charioteer.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

OUR national characteristic of moving at a slow pace whenever we find ourselves under novel circumstances has been strikingly shown during the cattle plague. For a long time, though it was killing right and left, we took no public notice of it; nor was it till Professor Gamgee called a meeting of London dairymen, and ventilated his opinions in their hearing, that the world consented, by general acclamation, to recognise the fact that a plague of some kind or other had fallen upon our cattle. After the professor had made his speech there arose a bitter controversy as to whether the plague had been brought to England by a cargo of cattle from Revel, or was home-bred. Much ingenuity and sarcasm was expended on that dispute, which ended in the confession that, however it came to us, the disease which has so raised the price of our butchers' meat is the true Russian rinderpest, or steppe murrain. In reaching this stage in the inquiry into a national calamity, about six months have been spent. While we should have been taking measures to ascertain the weak points of our enemy, we have been making a vigorous stand for crude opinions, formed on any statements that came to hand. Professor Gamgee made statements in an authoritative manner. The *Times* felt insulted that anyone but itself should speak authoritatively on any imaginable subject, and, therefore, it fell foul of Professor Gamgee, who, as a professor of veterinary science, had presumed to speak authoritatively upon the cattle plague. Thus the influence which the leading journal could have exercised in helping farmers and cattle-doctors to some practical means of ascertaining the character of the cattle plague was lost. For some reason or other it felt that its dignity was in danger if Mr. Gamgee was to be accepted as an authority; though, after great waste of power and much ingenious quibbling, it has found itself compelled to admit the main fact in Mr. Gamgee's speech to the dairymen—namely, that our cattle plague is, as we have said, the true Russian rinderpest, or steppe murrain.

How far this controversy between the leading journal and the cattle doctor influenced those who, by virtue of office or otherwise, were regarded as in duty bound to see that all available skill and science should be employed to stop the plague, we cannot say. We know only, that beyond the wildest and most random efforts to check the plague, nothing was done until it came into the heads of certain persons in the corporation to suggest the establishment of sanitariums, with a view to cure the malady. Poor Professor Gamgee, in that speech of his to the London dairymen, had committed himself to the assertion that the disease was incurable, and that the only thing to be done with beasts labouring under its symptoms was to kill and bury them. This was, perhaps, the best advice that could have been expected from an English veterinary surgeon under the circumstances. But it turns out that it was not sound advice. The rinderpest is not incurable. While we have been rushing blindfold and at random to this or that expedient, other countries have gone to work systematically—appointing commissions to watch the progress of the disease, and report to Government on individual cases from day to day. In Scotland, too, the practical folk of North Britain have looked long and anxiously at their affected cattle before they have condemned them to death. They are convinced that the disease, even in its advanced stages, should have the chance of cure; and, to show how reasonable is this view of the matter, we may quote the testimony of Mr. Caird as to what has been done in Belgium. Under ordinary treatment 25 per cent. of the cattle attacked there have recovered; and, what is still more startling, of the cattle which have been put under homœopathic treatment, as many as 50 per cent. have been saved.

Now, is this true? Can we, by ordinary means—whatever "ordinary means" may mean—save 25 per cent. of our beasts? Can we, by homœopathic means, save 50 per cent.? Mr. Caird is not a man whose testimony we would lightly reject; and what he says with regard to the cattle plague, and its cure by "ordinary" and by "homœopathic" means, is important. Right or wrong, there is an increasing run upon homœopathy for the human subject, possibly by very ignorant people; but if it is true that the homœopathic treatment of cattle beats the "ordinary" treatment by two to one, the fact will be beyond doubt that homœopathy is the thing for the beasts of the field. And now that the Corporation have invited the Cattle Plague Commissioners to set on foot sanitariums, in which the progress of the cattle disease, its symptoms, character, and treatment may be watched from hour to hour, would it be too much to ask that Mr. Caird's statement of the effects of homœopathy in Belgium should be tested in the treatment of our unhappy cattle at home? We live in a tentative age; we have broken with the past, and have resolved, in fifty different directions, to seek our own fortunes in our own way and by our own lights, without respect to the opinions of our grandfathers and grandmothers. If homœopathy is unfit for men and women, it may yet be good for their beef and mutton in a live state. At least give it a trial. Erect sanitariums, and let veterinary allopaths vie with veterinary homœopaths in the humane task of reducing the expense of our dinners. If there is a delicate feeling of honour, or an invincible attachment to traditionary family prejudices, which binds the lords of the creation to live or die under either system without inquiring into the merits of the other, let it be so. But, for goodness sake, however rashly we may deal with ourselves, let us beware how we trifle with our beef. That, at least, should not be sacrificed to family prejudices or devotion to a school. And if globules, however absurd and ridiculous they may appear, and possibly are, will really reduce our loss of cattle by 50 per cent., we shall be none the less indebted to them because, on the soundest scientific principles, they are a mockery and a snare.

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No. XXIX.—THE DIOCESE OF CHESTER.—No. 1.
LIVERPOOL.

ALTHOUGH not the cathedral city, Liverpool, from its immense size, teeming population, and religious, moral, and social influence, deserves the first place in any description of the diocese of Chester.

A history of the Church in Liverpool would not be without interest; but a few notes of its rise and progress are all that our space will permit. In the year 1650 the first map of Liverpool was published. The town then contained only three streets, comprising 180 houses. The population was something under 1,000 souls. It had a church capable of holding a congregation of not less than 700. We are informed that the Mayor, aldermen, and aldermen's wives had a right to the best seats. Then came the "peers of bailiffs," and their wives and widows. After these came householders, taking precedence according to their quality and age. The regulations further ordained that all apprentices and servants were to stand or sit in the alley, "according to ancient custom." In 1725 the population had increased to 11,800; but there was church accommodation for only 1,987, or about 17 per cent. In 1765 the population had become 29,000, and two more churches had been built—St. George and St. Thomas, affording accommodation for 4,204, or only 15 per cent. Between 1765 and 1785 a stimulus was given to church extension. Six new churches were built, affording sittings for 6,705 persons. The population had increased to 52,947, and the aggregate church accommodation now amounted to 10,909, or as much as 21 per cent. From this period, until the year 1821, the church accommodation maintained about the same ratio to the population, never exceeding 21, or falling below 19 per cent.

During the next decade the population increased with enormous rapidity. The energies of the merchants of Liverpool were absorbed in money-getting, and the cause of church extension unhappily languished. The amount of church accommodation had fallen so low that in the year 1829 it could hardly have exceeded 12 per cent. Happily for the cause of religion and social order the Nonconformists energetically exerted themselves to supply the deficiency, or the ungodliness and demoralization of the community would have been terrible. It became impossible for the Church at length to shut her eyes

to the state of neglect and degradation in which large masses of the community were living in our great cities. From 1830 to 1840 the attention of the Church and the Legislature was frequently directed to the spiritual wants of the great centres of industry and population. Sir Robert Peel obtained the assent of Parliament to an Act for making better provision for populous parishes. In order to carry out the provisions of the Act, a society was formed under the name of the "Liverpool Church Building Society." Four districts among the most destitute in Liverpool were at once marked out, with the approval of the Bishop, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the rectors. These districts contained a population of at least 32,000, yet not one of them contained a church. The demoralization which had been growing up during the years of neglect may be imagined when we state that in the district which contained the fewest labouring poor, and conventionally the most respectable of the four, there were ninety-five houses of ill-repute, thirty-five public-houses, and thirty-four beer-shops.

The sum required for building the four churches was £20,000, and according to the provisions of the Act, they were to be actually erected before they could receive the endowment of £150 a year. A public meeting was accordingly held in July, 1846, at the Sessions House, in order to expedite the good work. The good Bishop of the diocese—soon afterwards transferred to the Primacy of the Church—presided, and he was supported by an influential body of the clergy and laity. It was resolved "that a subscription be entered into, for the purpose of raising a fund to build churches in these four districts, and that a committee be appointed with full power to carry into effect the wishes of the meeting." The committee consisted of six of the most active of the clergy of the town, and twelve of the leading laymen. They commenced their canvass immediately, and before the end of the year they had collected more than £14,000 of the amount required. Shortly afterwards the whole amount was obtained.

If the committee showed great energy in obtaining subscriptions, they were equally active in their building operations. The public meeting was held on the 6th of July, 1846; on the 14th of the same month the foundation-stone of the new church of Saint Simon was laid by Rector Brooks, and it was consecrated by Bishop Sumner, March 1, 1848. It accommodates 1,200, and is generally nearly filled. The parish is called by the name of the church. An immense amount of good has been effected in the neighbourhood by the clergy and their lay assistants, and a commodious school building has been erected in the neighbourhood, at a cost of £2,500. There are now 500 children on the books, and the average daily attendance is 380. How much the church and schools were needed in the neighbourhood may be judged from the fact, that prior to their erection, the locality was known as the stronghold of iniquity in the town. It contained 104 houses of ill-fame and between fifty and sixty houses for the sale of spirituous liquors.

The foundation stone of the second church, that of All Saints, was laid in the commencement of the year 1848. It was consecrated by the late Bishop of Chester nine months afterwards. Handsome schools were erected near it afterwards, with accommodation for 540 children, and they are now in full operation. In June, 1850, the third church, that of St. Alban, was consecrated. After a considerable delay, in consequence of want of funds, All Soul's Church and schools were opened in a densely-crowded and poor locality known as the Vauxhall-road. The society had then terminated their labours. The general result may be stated as follows—They had provided for the spiritual destitution of a poor and demoralized population of upwards of 30,000 souls. Four new parishes had been constituted, and church accommodation provided for 4,170 persons. Within these new parishes in 1860 there were seven clergymen and nine scripture readers, besides other agencies for good, of which the churches were the natural centres. There were twelve services weekly, besides numerous cottage lectures and Bible classes, and the poor were carefully and regularly visited. In the four new parishes there were twelve daily schools under Government inspection capable of accommodating 2,500 children. There were also Sunday-schools, Bible classes, lectures, and other means of instruction.

Before taking leave of the Liverpool Church Building Society, we cannot refrain from congratulating the members of the Association on the success of their efforts. It affords another proof, if indeed further proof were wanting, of the inestimable value of enlightened lay co-operators in Church matters. Among the Committee there was perhaps no more active or efficient member than Mr. Charles Groves, one of the joint-treasurers. Whenever there is church work to be done in the town of Liverpool, he is ever among the foremost. To

heartily zeal for the success of the Church enterprises with which he is connected, Mr. Groves unites that very useful qualification—the want of which has been the source of so many failures in clerical enterprises—a thorough knowledge of business. The frequent reappearance of his name as treasurer in church works shows how highly his business qualifications, as well as his unblemished integrity, are appreciated by his fellow townsmen.

Several other churches have also been built by public subscription, aided by grants from the Chester Diocesan Society for the building and enlargement of churches in the diocese. Several additional churches are either contemplated or in actual course of erection. Proofs are not wanting in Liverpool or elsewhere of the liberality of the laity of the Established Church, if the clergy will only take the pains to identify them with the work of the Church and enlist their co-operation in her service. Among the new churches, the construction of which has been undertaken at the sole expense of private individuals, are the following:—

Mr. Thomas D. Anderson commenced, about two months since, a church in Liverpool, at his sole expense. The cost will be between £8,000 and £10,000.

Mr. J. P. Malther has begun a church at Bootle, at the request of a pious daughter, lately deceased, the cost of which will scarcely be less than £8,000. For this church the Earl of Derby has kindly given the land.

Mr. William Peek is about to erect a church, at his sole expense, in the district of St. John the Baptist. The cost will be from £5,000 to £6,000, exclusive of the land, which will increase the amount by at least £1,300.

Mr. James Tyrer, a Liverpool merchant, has already nearly finished, at his own expense, a handsome church near the Stratford Railway Station, for the benefit of the railway porters and servants. The cost of the whole, including land, church, endowment, parsonage-house, and schools, will amount to at least £12,000.

Mr. W. Preston, late Mayor of Liverpool, and at present High Sheriff of the county, is about to build a handsome church, at his own expense, in one of the crowded districts of Liverpool.

The subject of new churches in Liverpool cannot be dismissed without adverting to one of the defects in our ecclesiastical system. A lamentable amount of spiritual destitution exists in St. Martin's district. A site was obtained, and a subscription was raised for the purpose of building a new church. Rather more than a year ago, the building, which is capable of accommodating between 700 and 800 persons, was completed. How much it was needed may be imagined when we state that the district of St. Martin, although containing 30,000 souls, has in it but one church. It happens, moreover, that this church, although large enough to accommodate 1,800 persons, from causes invidious to particularize, seldom attracts a congregation exceeding a hundred in number. The locality in which the new church (St. Titus) is built has a population of 10,800 souls, comprising some of the poorest and most demoralized districts of Liverpool. Before the completion of the building a most efficient clergyman had already commenced his ministrations among the parishioners, with every prospect of success. Everything being in readiness, the late Bishop was invited to consecrate the church. To the astonishment of the whole town he refused, and notwithstanding the spiritual destitution and urgent need of the district, the church doors have remained closed to the present day! The Bishop's objection to consecrate the building arose upon the vexed question of patronage. Upon whom the blame and the responsibility rightly fall we do not pretend to determine. The promoters of the subscription showed no want of zeal, as the erection of the building sufficiently evinced, and the residents in the neighbourhood are and have been most anxious for its consecration. Mr. Charles Groves lent the weight of his influence to the representations made to the diocesan; but argument and entreaty alike failed to overcome the Bishop's objections. Dr. Graham has gone to his account, and we trust that the new bishop will take a more practical and enlightened view of the question. It is a gross scandal upon our Church administration that the church of St. Titus has not long ere this opened its doors for Divine worship.

The Church of England has reason to congratulate itself upon the energy and zeal shown by a large majority of the clergy of Liverpool. Differences of opinion of course exist among them in regard to the vexed questions of High and Low Church, the pew system, the offertory, and other matters connected with Church administration and observances. But it is only doing them justice to say that we have not found, in any large town in England, a body of the clergy more inde-

fatigable in their sacred calling, or whose labour, to the extent of their numbers, is crowned with greater success. It is true that the lover of Christian unity has occasionally to deplore the manifestation of a bitterness of feeling among the Church clergy against the Nonconformists, for which very little justification or excuse can be pleaded. The Nonconformists of Liverpool are certainly inferior to the Church community in point of wealth, but a more respectable body, or one more alive to the interests of religion and morality, or more energetic in good works, it would be difficult to find in the three kingdoms.

The Church clergy of Liverpool show a laudable interest in the instruction of the children of the working classes, and they are greatly assisted in this important sphere of usefulness by the liberality of the Liverpool Church of England School Society. This Association distributes grants of money for different schools, the amount increasing in proportion to the poverty of the locality in which the school is situated. It also maintains three sets of admirable schools of its own, containing more than fifteen hundred scholars. It was time the Church clergy and laity set themselves to repair the evils resulting from years of past lukewarmness and neglect. The state of things existing thirty years ago was most discreditable to the Church.

In the report of a Committee of Inquiry held by order of the Government, in 1833, on the borough of Liverpool, may be found a memorandum of the number of children of the working classes then under instruction. In the Dissenting infant schools there were then 930 children, while in those of the Church of England there were only 280. In the Dissenting Sunday schools there were 3,250 children, in those of the Church only 400. In the daily schools the Dissenters had 4,344, the Church had 3,990. We have not at present before us the relative numbers of those at present under instruction, but on the admission of Mr. Harrison, the active Honorary Secretary of the Nonconformist Sunday School Union, the Church of England Sunday schools are quite as numerous as those of the Dissenters, and are in every respect as efficiently maintained. All this speaks most honourably for the clergy of the Established Church of the present day in Liverpool. To the excellence of some of these Church Sunday schools we can speak from personal observation. One especially we visited, which we have never seen surpassed—that of St. Jude. We saw it under unfavourable circumstances. It was a fine summer's afternoon, when it was most difficult to get the children to attend. Yet we found at least five hundred present, receiving instruction in the Scriptures and the elements of religion, and being taught by a powerful staff of lady and gentlemen teachers. The classes were held in the National school-rooms, which were large and commodious, and in every way well adapted to the purpose. We were informed that in winter the classes frequently numbered a thousand pupils.

Many of the national schools in Liverpool are admirably conducted and very numerous attended. We cannot, however, admit the assertion that the children under instruction in these schools accurately represent the number of children under instruction in the principles of the Church of England—a statement frequently made to show the success of the Church as a teacher of the children of the working classes. In many of the National schools a large proportion of the pupils are the children of Nonconformists, whose parents rigidly insist that they shall not be taught the Church catechism. In one of the Liverpool national schools, that of Vauxhall, fully one-third of the pupils, we were informed, are the children of Catholics and Dissenters. These children are sent on the understanding that their religion shall not in any way be tampered with—a stipulation, it is needless to say, which is honourably adhered to by the rev. incumbent.

Giving the Church of England all due honour for the energy with which she ministers to the spiritual wants of the population according to the means at her disposal, we must, on the other hand, warn the reader against coming too hastily to the conclusion that Liverpool, in a moral and religious point of view, is in a better condition than other large towns in England. The reverse is unhappily the case. If much has been done, far more remains to do. There is, perhaps, no great centre of population in England where spiritual destitution is greater, or proclaims itself more undeniably, and this from a state of things which churches of all denominations are powerless to meet. The enormous and rapid increase of the population of Liverpool is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century. In the census of 1851 it possessed a population of 366,305; it now numbers about 600,000 souls. There was no keeping pace with this vast increase. There are now about 112,000 Roman Catholics in Liverpool, and even this Church, with its immense energy, its large clerical staff, and its convent, found itself

incompetent to make due provision for its increasing numbers. The consequence is that an amount of demoralization exists among the Roman Catholic community, and especially among the Irish immigrants, which it would be impossible to parallel in any other town in the country. The Catholic priesthood do not hesitate to admit and deplore the inadequacy of their numbers and resources to make head against the evils which surround them. The Dissenters found themselves equally unable to stem the torrent of ignorance and vice thus poured into the town. We must, however, do the Nonconformists justice. Bad as the state of things may be at present, it would have been infinitely worse but for the increasing energy and devoted labours of men who were waging war with sin and infidelity, while the Established Church slumbered and slept. In this paper we speak mainly of the Church; in another we shall attempt to show what the Nonconformists of Liverpool have done for morality, social order, and religion.

Some statistics, kindly furnished us by the Rev. Dr. Hume, will show how ineffective have been the efforts of the Established Church to keep pace with the increase of the population in Liverpool:—

Names of Parishes.	Increase of Church Accommodation since 1851.	Increase of Population.
All Souls'	850	8,511
St. Columbus	1,200	3,851
St. Mark's	300	6,000
Trinity Toxteth	525	4,112
St. Chrysostom's	1,110	28,960
St. Aidans'	360	14,503

"These figures, continues Dr. Hume, speak for themselves; and truly, they furnish to us most instructive reading. For our growing population, which has sprung up in ten years, we have provided church accommodation not amounting, in all, to three per cent. At the north it rises to four; in Everton it is less than four, and in Edgehill and Toxteth it disappears. Now, if we suppose that in a mixed community of this kind, making due allowance for Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, the church accommodation should be one in five, or amount to twenty per cent., it is obvious that it ought to be 15-239. But it is less than one-seventh of that; so that there is a deficiency of 13-069 sittings for this new population."

It has been asserted, and with every appearance of truth, that, in Liverpool and Birkenhead, there are at least 200,000 persons who are members of no religious persuasion whatever. In no town in England, with the exception of Portsmouth, is there so much open, undisguised drunkenness and immorality. In the northern section of the town, in 1858, there were 223 houses of ill-repute, and in the southern, 361. There were also 1,485 public houses, and these, as usual, were more numerous and attractive as the poverty of the district was greater. During the last seven years both public-houses and houses of ill-fame have increased in numbers faster than the increase of the population, while the church accommodation has remained lamentably in arrears. But perhaps the most painful sight which strikes the stranger in Liverpool is the number of ragged, neglected children at every turn, not only in the back streets of the town, but even in the principal thoroughfares. So great is the mortality of these children that, in the parts of the town they principally inhabit, such as the crowded lanes and courts in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, the average duration of life does not exceed sixteen years. Not one half of these children receive the slightest education, nor do they attend any place of worship or Sunday-school. They are left to run perfectly wild and uncared for, without guidance, instruction, or restraint of any kind.

If provision for drunkenness and debauchery can be supplied in Liverpool so as to keep pace with the increase of the population, what impediments should be found in the way of Church progress to hinder it from advancing at a similar rate? Strange as it may appear, after the examples we have given of the profuse liberality of individual gentlemen in the cause of church extension, the real difficulty seems to be in the niggardly spirit pervading a large portion of the wealthier classes of Liverpool, and the parsimony of the large landed proprietors of the county. There is plenty of lavishness and ostentation among the Liverpool merchants. They make princely fortunes, inhabit mansions and villas luxuriously furnished, give grand dinner parties, and buy pictures and statues at enormous figures. The ladies of their families vie with the aristocracy of the West-end in the richness and variety of their apparel and the value of their jewels and personal ornaments. A good Churchman is not prodigal and profuse in his personal expenditure, and parsimonious and penurious only when he is asked to relieve the spiritual destitution around him. The great landowners of the county are equally without excuse. The increase of population and of commerce within the borough

has added immensely to the value of their estates in Liverpool and the neighbourhood. Yet they contribute grudgingly or not at all to the cause of church extension. The names of the Marquis of Westminster and the Earl of Derby, it must be admitted, appear prominently in subscription lists, and often rebuke others of their class whose names are "conspicuous by their absence." Even with regard to these noblemen it will not, we trust, be ungracious to suggest that their contributions, considerable as they may appear, might possibly be still larger without exceeding their equitable liability to provide for the religious wants and spiritual interests of the locality. These two noblemen have a personal interest in the Established Church, holding as they do together no fewer than twenty-five livings in their gift. The most practised statistician might fail to calculate how large a proportion of the increased value of their vast estates is due to the increase of trade and population in the borough of Liverpool.

The liberality of the Christian wealthier inhabitants of Liverpool in the cause of Church extension, and the interest they take in Church matters can fortunately be brought to the test of figures. The Rev. Dr. Hume has kindly furnished us with some statistics, the accuracy of which will not be disputed. Out of *twenty thousand* families in the town, calling themselves members of the Church of England, and in a social position enabling them to contribute to its support, only *twelve hundred* subscribe to the various objects connected with the Church in Liverpool! Of these 1,200 only 122 gentlemen have subscribed with any liberality to the cause of Church extension, and practically the new churches and schools were built by them. Of 690 persons who subscribed to the Blue Coat Hospital and some of the district church schools of the town, at least one fourth were Protestant Dissenters.

It is clear that in order to extend the influence of the Established Church *pari passu* with the increase of the population, a greater amount of liberality must be manifested by the Church laity of Liverpool. This liberality in the cause of religion could not fail to be developed if more intimate relations existed between the rich and the poor. At present they know little of each other, see little of each other. Apart and unsympathising, they live and move in orbits of their own. To bridge over the chasm which now separates them, female agency is much wanted. In families which now vie with each other in dress, fashion, and ostentation, there are many ladies who, like the poet's high-born beauty, "sicken of a vague disease," who bring pining faces, weary spirits, and unsatisfied longings for a better life into our churches and public assemblies. Charles Kingsley, in writing of female missionaries to the lower classes, asks who will become a missionary to the proud, discontented girls who help to fill the ranks of the upper classes? Miss Tytler, in her "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," warns young women that "their aim must have an end, and that end must not be selfish vanity, or, surer than any other Nemesis to a woman, the fruit of their attainment will be apples of Sodom and grapes of Gomorrah." Tennyson, addressing his heart-sick, wearied beauty, says—

"Go teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew."

This is the best remedy for the worldliness, the frivolity, the incredulity of all high duty, benevolent effort, and generous self-abnegation, which too often keep the fashionable classes of commercial towns from the almshouse, the hospital for sick children, the industrial school, the Sabbath-school, &c. In few of our large towns is there a wider field or a more urgent want for Christian heroism among the women of the upper classes than in Liverpool. In visiting the homes of the poor, in guiding the young, in cheering the aged, in aiding the sick, and comforting the afflicted, they might be angels of mercy. The employment of a larger number of ladies in Christian work of this kind would bring more clearly to light the depth and extent of the spiritual destitution which now prevails in Liverpool, and in the circle at least of her family and friends, every lady so employed would be an irresistible canvasser for funds for church extension.

One thing is certain. In view of the rapid increase of the population, the zeal and liberality of the friends of the Established Church must be quickened afresh, if they would not see the Church of England gradually lose her hold upon the affections of the people of Liverpool.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID'S new novel of the "Headless Horseman" is spoken of as about to be dramatized for representation at Astley's. The prairie hunter capering about without his head will, it is thought, prove the greatest theatrical sensation at present announced.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last offered, among other features of interest, two special novelties in the appearance of a new violin player, and the first performance in this country of an overture by a living composer of great celebrity in Germany, although comparatively unknown here. Herr Doepler (a relative, we presume, of the great pianist who some years since divided the attention of the public with Thalberg), is a violinist of high merit as a brilliant executant. The piece which he performed (a rather flimsy fantasia of his own composition) afforded no opportunity for the display of any higher qualities than those of mechanical dexterity, in which respect Herr Doepler may take a high place among the players of the day; adding to his other merits a very pure and beautiful quality of tone. Taubert's overture to Shakspeare's "Tempest" (part of the illustrative music which the composer produced for the performance of the play at Berlin) is an ambitious effort to emulate the poetical and imaginative productions of the same class by Mendelssohn; and is an instance of the danger of such attempts when not justified by the possession of similar genius. Herr Taubert, the conductor of the Royal Opera at Berlin, and one of the most celebrated living composers of Germany, has distinguished himself both as a pianoforte player and composer for that instrument. A pupil of the same master with Mendelssohn (Louis Berger), Taubert was at an early age distinguished as a pianist; and in this capacity, and by his numerous and excellent productions for his instrument, he takes a far higher rank than he is likely to hold by those more ambitious attempts to which his powers are inadequate. While many of his pianoforte pieces will long be known and esteemed, his symphonies, operas, and cantatas will probably be scarcely heard of beyond the circle of his personal influence. All his works have the stamp of the highly-cultivated and refined artist, but he injudiciously challenged comparison with Mendelssohn by producing such works as the music to the "Tempest" and the choruses to the "Medea" of Euripides, which are as unavoidably as disadvantageously contrasted with Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Edipus" of Sophocles. Taubert's overture to the "Tempest" is deficient in that originality and impulse from which alone a work of such romantic and poetical intention should emanate, and accordingly is dry and uninteresting throughout, although unmistakably the work of a highly-skilled musician. It was admirably performed by Mr. Manns' orchestra—a *pianissimo* at the close of the introductory movement being given with a subdued delicacy scarcely ever heard at our West-end concerts. The part-song of Schumann ("Haideröslein") was not the best specimen of the kind that might have been chosen, nor was it irreproachably sung by the Crystal Palace choir, who have yet to acquire that refinement of light and shade, and those contrasts of *piano* and *forte* in which the instrumental band so eminently excels.

Two musicians of celebrity have passed away within the last few days—Ernst, one of the most celebrated of modern violinists, and Wallace, a composer whose early performances promised more towards the upholding a school of English opera than was fulfilled by his later productions. Ernst, who was born in 1814 (at Brünn, in Moravia), received instruction at Vienna both from Mayseider and Paganini, from whom he doubtless derived that fondness for dazzling feats of execution, the intricate combination of harmonics and pizzicato disallowed by the colder and severer school of Spohr. Ernst, however, had two styles—the one already alluded to, by which chiefly he gained his larger popularity—the other in which he subordinated the mechanical to the reverent and intellectual interpretation of the highest thoughts of the highest composers. When not marred, as was unfortunately too often the case, by illness and failure of nervous energy, the performances of this artist in the quartets of Beethoven and Mendelssohn were of the most poetical and imaginative order and perfect execution. Some of his compositions for his instrument, such as his "Elegy," possess much romantic passion and feeling.

William Vincent Wallace, who was born at Waterford in 1815, excelled in the triple capacity of violinist, pianist, and composer; his attention, however, for many years past, having been almost entirely devoted to the last-named career. This subdivision of his talents in three directions, in any one of which excellence is scarcely attainable but by thorough and exclusive devotion, probably was the means of preventing Wallace from attaining a higher position as a composer than he is now destined to hold. His first work produced here, "Maritana," possesses so much merit in the genial flow of melody and the transparent clearness of the general style, that it seemed as if a composer had arisen who might redeem the English school from the inanity in which it had so long slumbered. His subsequent work, however "Matilda of Hungary," in which he attempted a more ambitious and heroic style, did not advance his position, nor did he ever in his latter operas realize the success which attended his first work. Some gleams of power were apparent in his "Lurline," but in his last production (about two years since), the "Desert Flower," he seemed to have lost all trace of that bright vein of melody which marked his earliest work. He is said to have left an opera, "Estrella," in an almost complete state, which it is to be hoped will not be overlooked by our English Opera managers, as the work of a composer who, if not invariably

successful, has earned a large claim to attention. Some of Wallace's pianoforte works and detached vocal pieces possess much merit, and, with his other productions, prove that their author was a composer of far more than average powers, and possessed capabilities which should have produced more permanent results.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

In spite of many rumours as to a change of management, the St. James's Theatre opened on Saturday night much in the same way that it has opened for several past seasons. Miss Herbert's name stands at the head of the bills, and a new play, adapted from a novel by Miss Braddon, was produced, in which she plays a bad-principled, strong-minded, fair-haired, good-looking woman. This drama is called "Caught in the Toils," and is an adaptation by Mr. John Brougham from the novel of "Only a Clod." The adapter has done his work very skilfully, and has succeeded in making an interesting drama in four acts with an unusually clear story. The plot and characters are very conventional and stagey, but that is no fault of the adapter; and to do Miss Braddon justice, the play is more life-like and natural than any former drama adapted from her novels. The story is worked out without introducing any actual crime, though bigamy is closely trenched upon, and there is nothing in it more opposed to sound morality than attempted seduction and violent fortune-hunting. As a work of art it is not very agreeable—the mean, selfish, contemptible characters being in far too large a majority. The intended hero is a good-natured lout—the "clod" of the novel—who is not sufficiently developed on the stage to counterbalance the other parts, and the central figures are the woman before spoken of represented by Miss Herbert, and an intensely snobbish fortune-hunter, represented by Mr. Belton, who is more like a flash commercial traveller than a gentleman. This man is brought in frequent contact with an equally worthless brassy brother in a way which may be very natural, but which is decidedly offensive.

The play, with one or two exceptions, was very well acted. Miss Herbert has collected round her a good working company which can be used effectively either in comedy or romantic drama. Mr. Walter Lacy is a manly if somewhat too old a representative of the "clod"—the common soldier suddenly turned into a man of fortune, with most of the instincts, but none of the training of a gentleman. Miss Herbert plays with a lady-like grace, but with somewhat exaggerated intensity, as a proud, designing poor adventuress; and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews are genial, but much the same as usual, as a rich retired market-gardener, and a good-natured vulgar ballet-girl. The rest of the somewhat numerous characters were fairly represented, and the drama, put upon the stage without any scenic splendour, was genuinely successful.

Colonel Stodare, or Mr. C. Stodare, as we believe we ought to call him, has introduced a very clever trick at the Egyptian Hall of the *Anthropoglossos* order. A head, to all appearance human, enclosed in a box, to all appearance detached from walls, floors, and ceiling, is made to speak, and move its eyes, cheeks, and mouth. We have never seen this trick presented in a more startling form.

SCIENCE.

When cholera is almost at our doors it behoves us to make ourselves acquainted with its nature, symptoms, and, if possible, origin, in order to be prepared to meet the disease should it extend its work of destruction to this country. At a very recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was read upon the subject of cholera, by Dr. Jules Guérin. As the writer gives the result of his experience of the epidemic in the year 1832 and at subsequent periods, and as he concludes that it is a malady characterized by premonitory symptoms, and curable, we translate his memoir:—

"Before," says M. Guérin, "the epidemic of cholera which ravaged Europe in 1832, it was generally admitted that this terrible scourge attacked its victims in the most sudden manner, and struck them down with a degree of violence that was only comparable to the effects of a lightning-stroke. All the writings of this period take up this view of the disease. Meanwhile, at the commencement of the epidemic of 1832 I perceived that it was quite otherwise. About a week after the appearance of the disease I wrote in the following terms to the *Gazette Médicale*:—'Most of the patients attacked with cholera have been for several days, or even weeks, labouring under a disturbed condition of the digestive organs, which did not appear sufficiently serious to them to deserve careful attention; such even has been their carelessness on this point, that we have often been obliged to question them very closely in order to elicit information from them. It is only after having been asked three or four times whether they have had diarrhoea that they give a satisfactory reply. From this we conclude, (1) That in many cases where this diarrhoea has not been noted there is reason to suspect carelessness in observation on the part of the patient. (2) That this diarrhoea, the precursor of cholera, should receive the careful attention of medical men, parents, and even of the authorities, who should recommend to the poorer classes—and publish the recommendations by all the means at their disposal—to pay proper attention to this state of the digestive system, and should make known to them the fatal consequences of neglecting to treat the diarrhoeal attack.' This opinion, which had its origin in facts, was developed and confirmed by them. In proportion as the patients crowded into the wards of the Hôtel Dieu, where I especially carried on my observations, my conviction became more and more

strengthened. Out of 600 patients questioned in the most careful manner, 540 had shown symptoms of cholera (premonitory diarrhoea) before their entry into the hospital. From this I concluded, on the 12th of April:—

(1) "That cholera is always preceded and announced by a series of symptoms, to which—with a desire to caution the public—I have given the name of cholerae."

(2) "That cholerae is the first stage of cholera."

(3) "That cholera, properly so called, is only an advanced stage of a disease which has hitherto been unknown in its first or premonitory period."

(4) "That it is always possible to arrest the development of the mortal stage of cholera by attacking the disease in its curable one."

"The existence of a prodromic or premonitory period in cholera is certain. This truth was accepted and admitted at the period of its announcement, by the majority of physicians. The exceptions have hardly an existence, and are more apparent than real, being due to the absence of powers of careful observation on the parts of the patients."

"Since 1832 there have been at short intervals three new epidemics of cholera. Moreover, this dreadful malady has spread during the same period, or successively over the various countries of Europe and Asia. Has it in every instance conformed to the laws of its first evolution? Has the prodromic or premonitory period always preceded the mortal stage of this disease? It is of the highest importance that the reply to these questions should be in the affirmative. For if this view—regarded in its origin as one of the conquests of science and a benefit to humanity—receives from all recorded observation the character of an unimpeachable truth, it is essential that it be published in all populations and countries, as affording a sheet-anchor (*une ancre de salut*) in the perils which menace human beings. Now, having been requested by the Academy of Medicine to superintend the general report upon the epidemics of cholera, I have been placed in possession of all the scientific documents, home and foreign, relating to the subject. The result of an examination of these I have the honour to communicate to the Academy. Commencing with England, we find the following remarks in the report of the 'General Board of Health,' published in 1850:—'Whatever doubts there may have been during the epidemic of 1832 as to the existence of prodromic symptoms (diarrhoea), the experience of the last epidemic solves the question completely. In one case, where the first symptoms were minutely inquired into, it was found that of 500 patients almost all, without exception, had been previously attacked by choleraic diarrhoea of ten or twelve days' duration. Dr. Burrows states that the replies of the patients showed that the 'rice-water' discharge of cholera was always preceded by others of a different, though unhealthy character. Dr. M'Loughlin states:—'I believe I am correct in concluding, that of 3,902 cases of cholera, I have not found one without prodromic diarrhoea.'"

"In France there are the same confirmations as in England. M. M. Lévy found that of 142 patients (at the Hospital of Val-de-Grâce) there were only six without prodromic symptoms. In 95 cases the diarrhoea had lasted for two, three, four, and even a greater number of days. A general inquiry, instituted by the 'Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène,' during the epidemic of 1853, gives the following as part of its report:—'From the 1st of November, 1853, to the 22nd of January, 1854, of 974 choleraic patients admitted to the hospitals of the capital, 740 had been attacked with premonitory diarrhoea, the others appeared exempt or were unable to give exact evidence.' To these authentic statements I may add those which have been made by the different departments of France in reply to the questions of the authorities. Almost all the local physicians answer that cholera commences in the great majority of cases by diarrhoea and other premonitory symptoms. The cases of sudden cholera, if they really exist, do not exceed 5 or 6 per cent."

M. Guérin's report is important as being the one presented to the Academy, and is especially valuable for the extracts from the various official reports which he has appended to it.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE weekly court at the Bank of England on Thursday broke up without altering the rate of discount, and, though this result had been generally expected, an improvement was thereby occasioned in the stock markets. Some effect was also produced by rumours that the forthcoming Bank return will be favourable.

The influx of foreign bullion to the Bank continues upon a large scale, there being no demand for abroad; the amount sent in on Wednesday was £153,000, making a total of £555,000 for the week, while in the same period no withdrawals for exportation have been reported. It is also understood that no further large remittances of sovereigns have been made to Ireland, but that, on the contrary, a considerable amount of coin is likely to arrive from that quarter during the next few weeks.

With reference to the market for American securities, Mr. E. F. Satterthwaite reports as follows:—"Since our last the London market for American securities has experienced an important change, the higher quotation of gold received from New York, and the appearance in the *Times* of a telegram respecting the relations of the United States and French Government on the Mexican question having seriously depressed quotations. Towards the end of last week United States 5.20 Bonds were firm; but, on the news by the *Australasian*, gave way more than 2 per cent., the latest quotation being 63½ to 4, ex coupon. Railway shares have also suffered materially. Illinois closing 82½ to 3, or more than 1 dol. lower than last week, and Eries 57½ to ½, or 2 dols. below last quotations. Atlantic Bonds remain steady, but some sales of the large denomination of debentures have caused a decline to 84½ to 5½, while the smaller debentures are quoted 87 to 88. The special settlement for Erie scrip is fixed for Friday, the 20th inst.; it closes 1½ to 1½ prem."

* Report of the General Board of Health on the Epidemic Cholera of 1848-49.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA AND THE CAROLINAS.*

MAJOR NICHOLS'S work does not profess to be a military history of the march of General Sherman through Georgia and the two Carolinas, but rather a narrative of the more striking and interesting incidents by which it was attended. The author, it is true, notices and describes the disposition of the army, the line of march which it pursued, and the various attempts which were made to arrest its progress; but into none of these topics does he enter with any minuteness of detail, and the bulk of the volume is occupied with descriptions of the manners, customs, and habits of the soldiery, and anecdotes illustrative of the feelings with which the invasion was regarded by the inhabitants, and especially by the negroes.

The events of the closing campaigns of the American war being still fresh in the recollection of all, it is perhaps unnecessary to remind our readers that, after the destruction of Atlanta, General Sherman, having divided his army into two wings, one under the command of General Howard, and the other of General Slocum, undertook to march through the State of Georgia to the sea-coast. General Hood, who had succeeded General Johnston in the command of the Confederate troops, had already started on his disastrous attempt against Nashville; and, as he would be efficiently held in check by General Thomas and the troops which had been detached to his assistance, Sherman calculated upon encountering no serious opposition in his advance upon Savannah. His anticipations did not prove to be erroneous. Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, was captured without the firing of a shot, and, during the twenty-seven days occupied by the advance, the Federals never encountered the enemy in force, and did not fight a single general engagement. What fighting had to be done fell principally to the cavalry, who, under the command of General Kilpatrick, were employed both to cover the march of the army, and to mislead the Confederates as to its real direction. On the 13th of December, 1864, Fort M'Allister was taken by assault, and the consequent surrender of the city of Savannah with "more than 200 guns, magazines filled with ammunition, 35,000 bales of cotton, three steamboats, several locomotives, and 150 cars, and stores of all kinds," crowned with success the first part of General Sherman's plans. Major Nichols attributes this uninterrupted good fortune, not to the lack of an enemy to oppose the progress of the Federal army, for there were, he says, "garrisons at Augusta, Macon, Charleston, and Savannah, which, had they been concentrated under the lead of a man like Johnston, would have stayed our steps for awhile," but to the fact that "the direction of columns, the disposition of troops, the selection of lines of operation, so confused and deceived Beauregard that no concentration or effective opposition was made until the last moment, when it was too late." The Major pronounces both Beauregard and Hood infinitely inferior in military genius to Johnston, to whose displacement from the command of the army of Tennessee he largely attributes the misfortunes which afterwards attended the Confederate arms, and who, he says, was considered by many experienced officers a better tactician than even General Lee himself.

After resting and reorganizing his army in Savannah, by the inhabitants of which the soldiers were treated, if not with affection, at least with honour and respect, General Sherman, on the 15th of January of the present year, commenced his march northwards in the direction of Richmond. In the course of this new campaign, the Federal troops had to encounter difficulties and overcome obstacles which had been absent from their progress through Georgia. Almost at the commencement of the march, the rain fell heavily, and continued to do so for some days. The effect of this was to swell the volume of the numerous streams which lay in the path of the army, and the bridges over which had, in most instances, been totally or partially destroyed by the Confederates, as well as to render the extensive swamps through which they must be approached almost impassable. In addition to this, more activity was displayed by the Confederate commanders. At many of the fords and crossings, serious resistance was offered to the progress of the invaders; and at Averbysboro' and Bentonville, after the restoration to command of General Johnston, engagements were fought which may almost be designated as battles. It was all, however, of no use. The skill and energy of the Federal commanders, and the numbers, courage, and perseverance of their troops, were too much for the Confederates, even assisted as they were by the elements and by the nature of the country. Rivers were bridged over, swamps were passed upon corduroy roads laid down for the occasion; and almost every skirmish and every engagement terminated to the advantage of the Northerners. Columbia, Fayetteville, Goldsboro', and Raleigh, were successively occupied without material opposition; and soon after the fall of the last-named city, Johnston, who was then informed of the capitulation of Lee and his army, opened communication with Sherman for the conclusion of a general treaty of peace. The history of these negotiations is too familiar to all who have taken any interest in American affairs to render necessary its recapitulation. The interviews between the two Generals were strictly private, and therefore Major Nichols is unable to tell us

* The Story of the Great March: from the Diary of a Staff Officer. By Brevet-Major George Ward Nichols, Aide-de-Camp to General Sherman. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

what passed upon any of those occasions. The appendix to his work contains some long extracts from official documents, tending to prove that Sherman was justified in treating with Johnston for the disarmament of belligerents other than those within his own command; but into this question we need not now enter. Suffice it to say, that the negotiations ended in the surrender of Johnston and his whole army; and that with this capitulation there was practically an end to the war.

Although Major Nichols speaks in the highest terms of the good order observed by the soldiers of Sherman's army, and their abstinence from the commission of personal outrages, he does not attempt to disguise the extent to which the invaded State suffered from their march. Even in Georgia, where neither wantonness nor revenge dictated an unnecessary destruction of property, the passage of an army of 65,000 men, living at free quarters, must have been productive of the most terrible losses, if not of actual ruin, to the inhabitants. How largely the forces drew upon the resources of the State may be guessed from the facts that, soon after the march had commenced, the cattle trains got so large that difficulty was experienced in driving them, and that "thanksgiving-day was very generally observed in the army, the troops scorning chickens, in the plenitude of turkeys with which they had supplied themselves."

Upon South Carolina the invasion fell with tenfold severity. It was in that State that secession had its origin, and, as a punishment for the leading part which its inhabitants took in the rebellion, their property was now given up to unrestrained plunder and unsparing destruction. As soon as the frontier is crossed, Major Nichols records in his diary, "the well-known sight of columns of black smoke meets our eyes again;" and further on there occurs a passage which tells a sad story indeed of the miseries which these unhappy Carolinians had to endure at the hands of the invaders:—

"As we march on our way, incidents continually occur which for the moment call out the tenderest sympathies of our nature. It is grievous to see a beautiful woman, highly cultured and refined, standing in the gateway of her dismantled home, perhaps with an infant in her arms, while she calls upon some passing officers to protect her home from further pillage; for the advance-guard, who have just been skirmishing with the enemy or some stragglers, have entered and helped themselves to what they needed or desired. No violence is done to the inmates, but household furniture is pushed about somewhat. The men of the house have all run away, as did Cain after killing his brother. Perhaps it is the best protection for their property to leave women at home, for the soldiers always respect a woman, even if they do sometimes enter a house. These people have one cry in common, now that they feel the bitterness of war. They pray God that it may cease upon any terms, anything, any time, but give them peace. They say, with the most emphatic unanimity, that they never for a moment thought the war would come into South Carolina. Oh, no; her sacred soil was for ever to be free from the touch of the hated, despised Yankee! But here we are; and where our footsteps pass, fire, ashes, and desolation follow in the path."

The most active agents in this destruction, as well as in the more ordinary foraging, were a class of men who were called "bummers." These were soldiers, belonging either to the infantry or cavalry, who separated themselves from the regiments to which they belonged, and started upon independent expeditions of their own. Upon these excursions they would often be engaged for a week or ten days at a time, at the expiration of which they returned to camp with the plunder they had collected:—

"Sometimes we see the 'bummer' approaching the camp from a piece of woods with a waggon which he has overloaded with good things. The scene is frequently exhilarating. The 'bummer' coming in on horseback, holding the bridle in his teeth, clasps under one arm a basket of fresh eggs, and under the other a pailful of delicious honey, while a brace of fat sheep, hams, chickens, or geese, lie across the saddle in front and rear, and the carcass of a hog, firmly tied to the mule's tail, is dragged along the road. The 'bummer' himself is probably clothed in an irregular sack-coat of linen, with a ridiculously unmilitary hat perched on one side of his head, and, as he approaches, his face beams with smiles of recognition, tempered by a half-suppressed apprehension lest his bounteous supplies should not be accepted as a peace-offering for his delinquencies."

Major Nichols informs us that the derivation of the term "bummer" is unknown. May we remind him that equal uncertainty once existed as to the origin of the word "marauder," which would perhaps as well describe the character of these gentry as that which they appear to have coined for themselves?

The feelings which were excited by the presence of General Sherman's legions in the towns and in the country naturally differed according to the colour of the population. Although Major Nichols represents the whites as in many instances grateful for the moderation of the Yankees, whom they had been taught to believe would kill, slay, and possibly devour every man, woman, and child whom they might encounter, he does not pretend that they witnessed the invasion of their States with satisfaction, or welcomed the invaders with professions of affection or esteem. While mentioning many instances in which Southern citizens expressed a desire to see the war at an end—a desire which it was not unnatural they should entertain after the successful invasion of their territory, and during its actual occupation by the Northern troops—he does not attribute this feeling to any change in their views as to the sovereignty of the States, or any diminution of their hatred to the Yankees; but simply to a sense of their "powerless-

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ness to contend against the might of the idea of nationality embodied in our armies and navies." Even in North Carolina he found none of that "Union feeling" about which so much had been said and written in the North, but only weariness of a struggle then felt to be hopeless, and a desire to escape from further sufferings and continued sacrifices by submission to the terms of the conquerors. This applies to the independent whites, planters, their families, or others occupying similar positions in society. During the march through South Carolina, the army encountered a population of "poor whites," who are described as "an ignorant, half-civilized people, whose ideas are limited, and whose knowledge of the English tongue is, to say the least, imperfect." These persons had no idea of the principles involved in the war, and one of them, after saying that the emancipation of the blacks "would be a derved shame," is represented as adding, with a consciousness of his own imbecility, "I don't pretend to understand these questions; I don't know much anyhow." The sentiments displayed by the negroes towards the invading force were naturally very different from those entertained by their masters. According to Major Nichols's account, the blacks were everywhere well persuaded that the Federal army had entered Georgia and Carolina in order to cast off their shackles and set them free; and, acting upon this persuasion, those who had been left upon the plantations (chiefly old men, women, and children, and some able-bodied negroes, who, after being removed by their masters, had escaped and returned to their old homes) flocked to the roadside at all points, and received the Northern soldiers with blessings, congratulations, and expressions of admiration and confidence. These good dispositions were warmly cultivated by General Sherman, who was always accessible to the negroes, more than once distributed food to them with his own hands, and permitted several of them to accompany the army upon its march. Major Nichols lays great stress upon the declarations of many of these men, that they would never have served against the Yankees, but, if supplied with arms, would rather have turned them against their own officers; and, relying upon this foundation, he ridicules the idea that, had the measure been adopted in time, the South might have derived material advantage from the arming of the slaves. It must not be forgotten, however, that when these professions were made, the negroes had been abandoned by their masters, and were absolutely at the disposal of the forces with whom they expressed such ardent sympathy.

The major, in one or two instances, exhibits some of the bias which might be expected to exist on the part of one in his position; but in the main he seems anxious to tell the truth as it appeared to him, and his work forms a not unimportant contribution to the history, or, at all events, to the materials for the history, of the great American war.

BOOKS OF POEMS.*

OF the poems before us, some are composed by ladies. We have given our first and best attention to these, and have felt anxious to find in them the presence of real poetical feeling; but we have, on the whole, been disappointed. Whatever may be the cause, women have always failed in reaching the highest levels in poetry. No woman has ever approached the genius of a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Dante. In other regions of thought, man has met his match; and in our own days the names of Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Somerville command the highest respect in connection with political and scientific literature. But in poetry—notwithstanding the exceptional splendour of such a woman as Mrs. Browning—man still reigns supreme: there he has no divided empire. What is the reason of this strange fact? It cannot be that man sees more clearly and feels more tenderly than woman; it may be, perhaps, that man has a steadier hand to grasp, and a cooler judgment to arrange, the moral and material phenomena over which poetry presides—to exercise

"The vision and the faculty divine."

But, whatever may be the explanation, such is undoubtedly the fact.

The first poem on our list is "Claudia," by Mrs. Frederick Prideaux. Though wanting in the highest attributes of poetry, it is nevertheless a work of no small beauty and of real power. It has too much to remind us of Tennyson, and occasionally of Wordsworth, in their worst moods; but Mrs. Prideaux's writing has at least this virtue, that from end to end it breathes the beauty of the Christian creed, and her lines never quiver with such pathos as when she sings the sorrows and struggles of the tempted soul. The tale (if a narrative with such few incidents can be so called) is a very simple one. Claudia, or Gladys, is the daughter of a British Prince, carried away to Rome by the Roman conquerors in the time of the Emperor Claudius Caesar. There she

becomes a Christian, and returns to her native country with a band of missionary friends, and they restore her to her widowed mother, who becomes a convert to the faith. With little more than this poor outline for a story, with no sensational scenes, with no romance, with no startling "passages of love," this gifted authoress has contrived, by the sheer dint of her own bright fancy and graceful powers of expression, to write a tale of uncommon interest and of sterling worth. Here is her description of Claudia:—

"I have no skill to paint, in gaudy words,
A maiden's beauty. This is all I know—
That she was lovelier than the loveliest,
As gentle and as graceful as a fawn,
As soft in tint and outline as a flower;
And the still, star-like radiance of her looks
Maddened all Rome with love, weary to death
Of brazen brows, and lavish smiles, and eyes
Bright with base meaning."

How sweetly does she sing the catholicity of our faith, in such strains as these!—

"This faith whereof I speak
Is no new thing, but eldest-born of all:
The truth whereof the rest are counterfeits.
These base their shadowy fabrics on the sands,
The shifting conscience of the varying race,
Whereon arise, to glitter for a day,
Frail shrines of worship paid to fancied powers:
Shrines open only to a favoured few.
This, like a city founded on a rock—
The home of generations passed away,
The home of generations yet to come—
Rests on the deep foundations of the past,
The solid substance of the storied years
That slowly settle from the thoughts of God.
And in her temple-courts, and round about
Her fragrant altars, all the tribes of men—
The Greek, the Jew; the unshorn, the civilized;
The bond, the free; the simple and the sage—
Are welcome; and her choicest mysteries
She opens to the meekest of the earth."

One great charm which pervades Mrs. Prideaux's verse is the beauty, aptness, and clearness of her similes and metaphors. She well understands the eloquence and power of silence, and well knows the rare art of condensing the language of metaphor. Here are some graceful touches of her pencil:—

"That everywhere and always may be found
The evil-minded man: and such a man,
If trusted with the sacred offices,
Grows yet more evil; as a lifeless thing
Corrupts the sooner in the sun's pure beams."

Let us add the following:—

"Till the shaft of truth
Pierced deep within the heart of Llarian,
Healing the wound it made."

"When the new faith,
Old as the sun, yet new as is the dawn," &c.

There is so much of tender, true, and elegant poetry in these pages, that it is really painful to direct attention to the blemishes that mar and detract from its merits. The most common fault to be noted is a manifest effort to ring several changes on the same word or its cognate, thus at times in some degree sacrificing sense to sound. We call this a species of poetical affectation, unworthy of any true poet. A diamond may be very brilliant, but its brightness will not be the more admired if its owner keeps parading it before our eyes on a finger restless with vanity. The genius of Tennyson has not redeemed even his writings from occasional sins of this kind, though his more ordinary weakness lies in an affectation of simplicity.

We do not object to the following verses, *in themselves*, but we certainly object to a constant repetition of lines fashioned after such a model. Constant familiarity with them will breed weariness, if not contempt; to be welcome and pleasing, they must come few and far between:—

"Beyond the sunrise of the sunrise land."

"And daily died
In daily discipline of household cares."

"Sweetened by love whose sweetness symbols his."

"I will not weary thee, talking the talk
That wearied me."

"Defied the arms that had defied the world."

"Had mastered all the masters of the world."

We cannot admire the following slips, which are bad *per se*:—

"A nimble-witted water-rat discerned."

"Trickled in jewels down the enamelled back."

Nor such expressions as "melodious musics," and "the metallic ring of self-abandonment." Still, after all abatements are made, we feel more than justified in recommending this little volume as a book of genuine poetry, the product of a rich fancy, a feeling heart, and a finely-cultivated taste and intellect.

* Claudia. By Mrs. Frederick Prideaux. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
My Vis-à-Vis, and Other Poems. By Mary Eliza Rogers. London: Bell & Daldy.

Indian Idyls. By G. N. Weeks. London: Chapman & Hall.
Queen Guinevere and Sir Lancelot of the Lake; with Other Poems. By Charles Bruce. London: Longmans & Co.

The Alchemist. By Capt. C. N. Tucker. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.
A Quarter of a Century. By H. N. Fricker. London: Effingham Wilson.

Wayside Warbles. By Edward Capern. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

Compensation. By Emily Jane May. London: Elliot Stock.

Mr. Weeks's "Indian Idyls" are faint, foolish, and feeble imitations of Tennyson. Nature has evidently not given him the "mens divini" to immortalize himself by immortalizing the heroes of India, as the Poet-Laureate has done by King Arthur and his compeers. The book is made up of two poems, called "Putteola," and "The Râne of Cashmere." The local description which opens the former poem is drawn with the clear outline and sober tints with which Tennyson paints the native town of Enoch Arden at the beginning of his poem. Yet the most characteristic feature of Mr. Weeks's verses is the incessant straining after metaphorical language, and its rapid bombast or its utter poverty whenever the metaphor is reached. We do not exaggerate when we say that two-thirds of his metaphors and similes are drawn from the sun, moon, and stars. Within the first few pages we have—

"The lesser chiefs
Came forth like stars in that broad firmament,
And next the greater kings like planets, then
The monarch like the moon."

"And as each star
Hath its history of wondrous deeds."

"Ind is orb'd with kings,
As heaven with stars."

"Another world,
Like the full moon 'mong her attendant stars."

"Packed thick as stars on the high road of heaven,
Whose blending light doth form a milky way."

There is plenty more starlight and moonlight in Mr. Weeks's poems; but this is enough to show the gaudy tinsel that overlays, and the metaphorical monotony that pervades, these would-be poems, even *ad nauseam*.

In page 8, we are told of a "thron'd king"—

"Like the steed
Of Persia, and with nostril wide dilate
And attitude expectant, waited he
For that rich jewel of the star of Ind."

Are we to understand that the expectant king puffed out his nostrils with the breath of restless and paltry eagerness for the star of Ind? or, if this is not sufficiently metaphorical for our metaphor-loving writer, must we take his meaning to be that "the nostril wide dilate" was itself eager for the jewel as an ornament to the nasal appendage? We could endure such blots as "shrieks of beasts" and "heartbroke oaks" in a poem of redeeming interest and value. But here we have no redeeming beauty; nothing of graceful language, of tender feeling or deep passion; nothing of any kind in the whole region of poetry to lure the fancy or to win the heart. Mr. Weeks must give up the Muses, as the Muses have evidently given up him.

There is much to admire in Miss May's "Compensation," a sort of moral didactic piece. Its object is, as she tells us, to vindicate

"Nature's beautiful, unerring scheme,
A perfect, self-adjusting, vast machine,
Whose motive power is Love, whose balance-wheel
Is Justice, and whose works sometimes conceal,
But always further, the intended plan,
The endless and progressive good of man."

Her odes to "Peace" and "War" are not drawings after Nature; her pencil must have wrought those sketchy outlines while her eye, quick at imitation, rested on Milton's inimitable poems, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." This gifted lady fails utterly in every attempt to paint the softer passions or the gentler emotions of the human soul; her pathos is always either silly or senseless. In her "Lines on a Picture of the Queen in a Widow's Cap," we have such verses as the following, which are but fair samples of other similar attempts at pathos:—

"Alas, poor Queen,
I pity thee from my soul. . . .
Being bereaved of such a peerless Lord,
A prince so handsome, good, and full of wisdom."

"It is the thought that thou, our dear, good Queen,
Dost really wear the mourning garb of woe!"

We are delighted to see another volume of poems by our old friend the Rural Postman of Bideford. Mr. Capern will increase his reputation by "Wayside Rambles," the last production of his woodland genius. There is no poet of the present day so rich in nature and so poor in art. He sings because his heart overflows with an intense love of nature, because the beauties and melodies of the world around him have filled his eyes and ears with their loveliness and sweetness, and his heart with an ecstasy that breaks forth in song. The poet's features glow with a divine light, because he has seen Nature face to face, and caught the glory of her countenance. He tells us, in his own simple Saxon, the secret of his inspiration:—

"A form of life and beauty, I see thee, lovely May,
Breathing balm upon the meadows from each sweetly-scented spray;
From the lilac and the hawthorn, and the furze upon the down,
And the wall-flower by the wayside in its dress of cottage-brown."

"Would you see her, as I see her, you must be where I have been,
Where the oak-tree, and the elm-tree, and the beechen-tree are seen;
Where the bright and silvery poplars in their leafy beauty shine,
And the bees are quaffing deeply from their chalices of wine."

"You must linger, as I linger, in the shadow of each nook;
You must listen, as I listen, to the prattle of the brook;
You must woo her, as I woo her, with a bosom full of love;
And the maid will stand before you like a vision from above."

We were especially struck with the quiet beauty and sweet simplicity of the pieces—"My Excuse," "Welcome to the May," "A Maytime Wish," "The Holiday of Spring," "What is Duty?" and the greater portion of the concluding poem, called "Willow Leaves." It is a pity his pen has let slip such expressions as "orchestras of trees," "little dead babyè (*sic*)," "when I grasped old England's snout," "the yelk-hound hiping on the river," with a few others of this faulty kind. Though the range of Mr. Capern's subjects extends almost exclusively over the seasons and scenes of rural life, we discover no monotony in the form or spirit of his treatment. His poetry beams everywhere with smiles, and laughs with joy.

Mr. Fricker has written a pretty large book of verse, extending to 363 pages. The work is called "A Quarter of a Century." We have been sadly puzzled to learn why it is so called, as there is nothing in the title-page, in the preface, or in the body of the book, to explain this singular title. His verses are sadly wanting in harmony, and his rhymes are singularly bad. Within a few lines of each other, "Mary" is made to rhyme with "contrary" and "solitary." Then we have "state" and "Senâte," "dew" and "adieu," with a host of other misdemeanours of this class. His usual form of introducing a simile is by an abrupt interrogation—

"Hast seen a mighty tempest?
Hast heard of wrecks and parting decks?"

"The Bedouin," an Eastern tale, is the longest piece in the book; it is one of the driest, dullest, and dreariest tales we ever read. Wading through it is like going through a desert without an oasis. Here, as everywhere else, the ideas of our author are expressed in a sad confusion, hard to understand, and, when understood, powerless to please: his nimble-footed muse seems to dance to many tunes at the same time, with one foot on Pegasus, and another foot on some other poetical courser; and, as she flits from one idea to another even in the same stanza, and back again to the first, and then to the second, we are painfully reminded of a circus rider. Here and there we find a few golden conceptions, stolen from others, and electro-plated with a baser metal by an imagination that can only turn fine gold to dross. Here is a random specimen of what Mr. Fricker has the courage to send into the world as poetry:—

"Long years had warred old Joachim
With Gaul and Hun,
Iberian dun,
And the fierce hordes of utmost Crim;
Amongst Tartars
Without charters,
Serfs and slaves, but, naithless, grim."

Of the others on our list, there is not one of average worth or promise, though they do not sin so deeply as some we have noticed against the unwritten but universal laws of poetry.

POLYNESIA.*

Of all the varieties of mankind, the aborigines inhabiting that numerous group of Islands in the South Pacific Ocean known by the generic name of Polynesia are usually considered more debased in morals, and altogether plunged deeper in barbarism and superstition than any other members of the human race. Civilization and Christianity have, however, of late years spread over no small portion of those islands, through the zealous and untiring exertions of the missionaries sent out there from time to time. The Rev. Thomas West, who is attached to one of the Missionary bodies, now publishes a very interesting account of the progress of enlightenment among the South Sea Islanders, the result of the labours and experience of a ten years' residence in South Central Polynesia, viz., from 1845 to 1855. The volume before us was intended for publication several years ago, and has been a considerable time in hand; but other urgent religious duties—including, among the rest, a complete translation of the Bible into the native language, which occupied three years—compelled Mr. West to lay aside the printing of the present work until now. On the 19th of October, 1845, our author set sail in the ship *General Hewitt*, from Gravesend, for Sydney, New South Wales. After visiting, in the course of his voyage, the wild but picturesque and beautiful island of Teneriffe, rescuing four shipwrecked Englishmen, who had been taken up at sea by an American brig, from starvation, and encountering several very violent westerly gales, one of which nearly capsized the *General Hewitt*, and destroyed a portion of its live stock, besides washing away some of the bulwarks, the vessel safely cast anchor at Port Jackson, Australia, on the 24th of January, 1846, being the shortest passage from England of any that had then been made.

Mr. West devotes the first six chapters of his work to a description of the natural features of Polynesia, their productions, vegetable and mineral, their inhabitants, and the manners, customs, amusements, native religious observances, &c., found in the islands.

* Ten Years in South-Central Polynesia: being Reminiscences of a Personal Mission to the Friendly Islands and their Dependencies. By the Rev. Thomas West. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

He informs us that the aboriginal natives of Australia are fast diminishing. This decay is attributed to various causes, and an official document published a few years ago mentions, amongst others, their hostile encounters with Europeans, in addition to their own mutual wars, the common practice of infanticide, and "the diseases and vices of European society, unusually destructive in their effects from the want of proper medical treatment."

From Australia Mr. West went to New Zealand, where, at the time of his arrival, the settlers and Government were engaged in a sanguinary war with the natives, several actions having been recently fought, which had terminated in an armistice, when attempts were made to bring the rebel chiefs to peaceful subjection. In a letter written by Mr. West on the spot to a friend in England, he describes the happy results of missionary labour amongst the people, stating that nearly all the chiefs concerned in the war had consented to assemble at Auckland, and hold a deliberative council there, "for the purpose of securing a complete and satisfactory cessation of hostilities." These chiefs included a number of Christians of considerable celebrity and influence, who had all been our firm allies during the war, and who bore the names of Tamati (or Thomas Walker), John Noble, Jabez Bunting, and Repa. All these men, except the last, were members of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It appears to be the same with the aborigines of New Zealand as with the native Australians. Emigration and death (with the latter of which the number of births has not been in a corresponding ratio) have considerably thinned the Maori population, which is still rapidly decreasing. It is said to have diminished at the rate of twenty per cent. in fourteen years. In the opinion of our author, a continuance of this state of things for another fifty years, or perhaps less, will almost exterminate the race of aboriginal natives of New Zealand. The missionaries, however, still continue their labours in spite of all obstacles and drawbacks, encouraged by the success which has hitherto attended the efforts of former societies. Mr. West thinks that the numerous instances of the spread of Christianity are a sufficient warrant for continued and increased exertions. The labours of the past, he urges, must not be abandoned, nor the present results of missionary labour be scattered to the winds, because the natives of New Zealand are dwindling away.

Numerous volcanic mountains are to be found in many of the Polynesian islands. Very violent eruptions are constantly taking place; but the craters of some of the mountains have long since been completely exhausted. Earthquakes are also by no means uncommon in this part of the world. Several of the islands constituting that vast chain comprised under the general name of Oceana, which many geographers consider a fifth division of the globe, appear to have been formed at a comparatively recent period, partly by the overflowing of the lava from the adjacent burning mountains, and partly by the upheaving of masses of sand and other matter from the depths of the ocean during the submarine convulsions and volcanic eruptions common to these regions. When our author arrived on his mission in the island of Vavau, in July, 1845, he looked out from the windows of his residence upon the glow of several awful fires, some of which were forty miles distant, and which continued for many nights together; and for some weeks previous to this event, earthquakes had been unusually numerous and severe, throwing the inhabitants into the greatest alarm, as they feared the whole island would be swallowed by the convulsion. An American whaling ship, which happened to be passing at the time, sailed through a thick shower of ashes and pumice-stone, some of which fell upon the deck of the vessel. These were afterwards collected by the captain, who deposited them in a bottle, which he subsequently placed in the hands of our author. On visiting the island of Fonua Lei, which had lately been the scene of a terrible volcanic eruption, Mr. West found it quite impossible to land, so great was the violence of the surf upon the blackened shores. He therefore sailed round the coasts as near as he could with safety. The whole island presented the appearance of a huge black charnel-house, from the effects of the recent calamity; the ground seemed covered by a thick mass of scoria, and the entire place "was turned inside out, and had been so shattered as to have lost, in great measure, its original outlines."

In the remaining nine chapters of his work, Mr. West enters into a long and elaborate history of the rise and progress of Christianity in the islands of Polynesia; of the results accruing from the labours of the numerous missionaries who have gone out there at several distant periods; of the civil wars frequently taking place among the native tribes; of the disputes occurring between our missionary societies and the French Roman Catholic missions in the Friendly Islands; and of various other matters of minor importance. He finishes his book with an appendix containing a grammar of the Tonguese language, prefaced by some preliminary observations concerning the character and genius of that tongue. There seems to be a very great similarity between all savage and uncivilized races as regards their persons, language, and habits. Of all the tribes inhabiting the South Sea islands, that called the Tonguese, in the island of Tonga, appears to be the principal in point of extent, power, and importance. In the tenth chapter of the present work, which gives a concise history of the origin and mode of life of these people, our author deduces their rise and growth from an ancient Jewish colony which he supposes to have been founded in Tonga at some remote period, and from which the present inhabitants are said to be descended. This supposition Mr. West bases upon a close comparison between the Jews and Tonguese, by which he discovers

many striking points of resemblance in the features, manners, customs, laws, and religious ceremonies of the two races. He seems highly satisfied with the work of the Wesleyan and London Missionary Societies in the island of Tonga, and the consequent spread of Christianity among the people, and he is very hopeful as regards the future. The press in particular has conferred immense blessings on the entire population. Elementary works in religious and general knowledge have been supplied to the schools, together with a quarterly periodical called the *Friendly Visitor*, and an Almanack. Heathen customs and amusements are fast becoming obsolete, and both old and young are eager after learning.

There are at present in these islands not less than 169 Protestant places of worship, together with 24 resident European and native ministers. Many foreigners now reside on the islands for the purposes of trade, and the King owns several European schooners mounted with small cannon, in lieu of the native canoes. At the inauguration of the new constitution, presided over by the intelligent and enlightened monarch of the islands, King George Tubou, a sumptuous breakfast and dinner were given to the chiefs, and these repasts were laid out in the highest style of European magnificence, with champagne and claret glasses, cruets, silver plate, cutlery, &c. The work is illustrated with several maps of Vavau, Tonga, and the adjacent volcanic islands, and embellished with a portrait of the present King of the Friendly Islands, George Tubou. The latter, although somewhat of a negro complexion and general cast of features, has still not at all an unprepossessing or unintellectual countenance. He is dressed in European costume, and, so far, has the appearance of a civilized gentleman.

RELIGIOUS WORKS.*

As the rays of the sun transmitted through a stained window are tinged with the colours through which they pass, while the light in its essence remains the same, so truth, in moving through the minds of men, takes varied forms and hues according to the bias and structure of the mind which forms its medium. An idea, or, to continue the simile, a ray of truth, familiar to all, may produce unimagined effects of light and shade by passing through the prism of a sound and vigorous intellect. The volume now before us, by Dr. Candlish, on "The Fatherhood of God," is a striking instance of this. The subject, certainly a most familiar one, is presented to us in these six lectures from a new and interesting point of view. The author seems to feel this, and hence he brings forward the testimony of orthodox divines, both of earlier and later times, to show that, although there exists discrepancy in form, there is still unity of doctrine between himself and them. We cannot attempt an analysis of these lectures, but they should receive the attention of our readers. The subject treated has many points of interest; the style is concise and clear; and such are the logical sequence of thought and the perfection of mould in which each lecture seems to be cast, that not a single sentence could be spared.

A somewhat curious brochure is Mr. Hamel's "Protestantism in Danger." It has a local rather than a general interest, since the introduction of a choral service into the church of St. Mary, Stoke Newington, was the circumstance that called it forth. Mr. Hamel is the organ of the discontented part of the parishioners in the matter, and he makes it the occasion of a word of advice to Protestant Christians of every denomination. The book evinces much thoughtful research and observation on the part of Mr. Hamel, and contains a popular exposition of the law relating to the services of the Church of England.

The Bishop of Argyll, also with the intention of defending the purity both of the doctrine and practice of the Church of England, presents us with an earnest and thrilling address, originally intended as a charge to the clergy of his lordship's diocese. The learned prelate places in its true light the question of authority as claimed by the Church of Rome, and is far from endorsing the oft-repeated assertion that this is an age of scepticism, that infidelity is coming in like a flood. "Ours," says the prelate, "is an age of thought and progress, of earnestness and sagacity. . . . It is not a denial of the truth of Revelation or divine origin that we hear. The cry has been, to be brought nearer to God, to know more of God, and of the connection of His written Word with His works in nature. If this be scepticism, it differs from the scepticism of all previous ages, in that it is not desirous to discover that religion

* The Fatherhood of God. First Course of Cunningham Lectures. By R. S. Candlish, D.D. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Protestantism in Peril. By F. J. Hamel. London: Longmans.

An Address on the Present State of Religion. By the Bishop of Argyll. London: Longmans.

Biographies of the Kings of Judah. By Dr. Hessey. London: Rivingtons.

A Reasonable Faith. By J. B. Hopkins. London: Longmans.

The Bible from God; or, Plain Proofs of Inspiration. By John M'Kaige, B.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Co.

Tracts and Sermons on Subjects of the Day. By F. B. Woodward, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

The Day and the Hour; or, Notes on Prophecy. By W. A. Baker. London: Macintosh.

A Key for Every Lock. By C. J. Yorke, M.A. London: Hatchard.

Revival Sermons. By Albert Barnes. London: Tegg.

Sermons by the late Rev. A. M. Pollock. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co.

Faith and Practice. Selection of Sermons by F. Pigeon, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Life in the World. Sermons by H. Jones, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Like unto Christ (De Imitatione Christi). New Translation. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

(as revealed in Scripture) is false, but that it is true." This book does honour both to the head and heart of the prelate.

"The Biographies of the Kings of Judah," in a course of Lent Lectures by Dr. Hessey, constitute a work calculated to be useful in many ways. The predominant virtue or failing in the character of each king forms the groundwork and texture of the discourse. Thus we have, "Jehosaphat, or the Dangers of Indecision;" "Joash, or Ingratitude;" "Hezekiah, or the Might of Prayer," &c. The whole are remarkable for simplicity, both of treatment and of style, and furnish, as the author remarks in his preface, a book appropriate for Sunday reading.

Mr. J. B. Hopkins joins the ranks of Christianity *versus* Scepticism. In his work entitled "A Reasonable Faith," he shows triumphantly that the Christian is always ready and able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. He treats, in a pleasing and lucid style, of Christian liberty, of Divine revelation, of the Christian doctrine of faith, of the mysteries of religion, &c. He answers the sceptic's objections against miracles, and shows that every Divine revelation must have a dark and mysterious side; nay, more, that this is one of the conditions of all true revelation. Such books as these are especially calculated to be useful to the mass of general readers, who would disregard a bulky, argumentative volume on the subject, but who will peruse with pleasure a work in which the somewhat dry thread of logic is hidden beneath the flowers of an easy and pleasing style.

We may cite as another book of this class "The Bible from God, or Plain Proofs of Inspiration," by Mr. McKaige. The matter of this work is extremely good, and the form especially is a commendable one. At the head of each chapter we find, in larger type than the rest, the position to be maintained in that chapter. This is a useful plan, and contributes much to the clear comprehension of the subject. The proofs brought forward by the author are so marshalled as to show an invincible front; and, although the work is but a small one, it presents the main fact of inspiration in a considerable variety of aspects.

Mr. Woodward's tracts and sermons embrace a somewhat wide range of topics. He also treats of the inspiration of Scripture, as well as of the invalidity of non-episcopal orders, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and of other subjects to which his attention has been more especially drawn from the fact of his position as English chaplain at Rome. The book is one which has for all its "word in season," and may be read with profit by those who wish to be enlightened upon some of the points of controversy between our own Church and that of Rome.

Two works on prophecy next claim our attention. Captain Baker presents himself before us as a seer; nay, more than a seer, for he requires us to put faith in his own inspiration. Hear him:—

"Others might say that this is a work of study and patient research—the fruit of a clever, far-seeing brain. Can I admit this? God forbid! No one who knows me can believe that my own intellect has done this; however much I may feel disinclined to assert its inspiration, I cannot take any credit to my own brain for it. What else, then, can I think? From whence came this knowledge? Some, of course, perhaps most people, will say that my words are all nonsense; that my brain is probably diseased; that my dreaming even of inspiration is impious. . . . I do not mean that I have full inspiration, for I have it not. So far as I have gone, my ideas and interpretations are inspired."

After some preliminary matter in Chapters I. and II., the author maps out from ancient prophecy the destiny of Great Britain. Britain is the isle of Tarshish, a land of merchants and shopkeepers—a land rich in metals, in cloths, in dyes, and in cunning workmen. Our Queen, ever since she was proclaimed Empress of Hindoostan, has been Queen of Sheba. "The original Queen was only a type; she went to see Solomon only, but a greater than Solomon will soon reign in Jerusalem, and a greater Queen than her Indian Majesty of those days must go thither to see him." We have a long quotation from the second book of Esdras, all bearing upon Queen Victoria and the English people. Upon the words, "Embrace thy children until I come, and shew mercy unto them," the author remarks: "The children are the English people, and if she is to 'embrace thy children till I come,' she (i. e., Queen Victoria) can never die, but must live to the end; they also (her own real children) will live with her till, at the coming of Christ, they shall be translated, and thus shall not see Hades." Prince Leopold, in the character of Michael, is to fight with his angels against the dragon of Armageddon, and, as all the Princes of England now alive are the representatives of the archangels, "it follows that the Prince of Wales, being the eldest and first in rank, must be the type of the Angel of the Lord." He is the human Messiah, under whose auspices the Jews will obtain political freedom. Who is Antichrist? is the next question discussed. Let us hear the author:—"Looking round at the different Princes now reigning, or likely soon to reign in the old Roman Empire, my judgment immediately fixes upon one man as 'the man of sin, the son of perdition.' There is only one man who seems to fulfil all the conditions required, and that man is the present Emperor of the French." The final extinction of the Papacy is fixed for the year 1878: the 3rd of June, 1872, will see Louis Napoleon almost supreme in the Roman world; and the day of the Lord commences at sunset on the 20th September, 1878. The work is a somewhat voluminous one; but we have given sufficient for our readers to form an estimate of its character. Comment on such trash would be superfluous.

Mr. Yorke's "Key for Every Lock" is a running commentary upon the Apocalypse. The author seeks to trace in its elaborate imagery the objects symbolized, and so to combine its numbers as to make them stand forth in picture to the world. The pretensions of this volume are much more modest than those of the former work, and the author wisely does not attempt to cross the common-sense bounds of figurative interpretation.

We now willingly dismiss the speculative for the practical, and welcome four volumes of sermons, which have appealed to the printing press for immortality. It is wonderful the infinite variety that may be found in the genus sermon. No other department of literature so well bears out the pithy assertion of Buffon: "Le style, c'est l'homme."

The volume of revival sermons by Albert Barnes is a choice collection of discourses. There is nothing here of the vulgarity of modern revivalism. Some of the sermons contain the most exquisite touches of life and character; their style is full of fire and rapidity, and their delivery must certainly have had an electrical effect upon those who listened to them. They are rich in matter, striking in illustration, powerful in appeal. The sermons of Mr. Pollock denote abilities of a high order and varied range. His style is quiet and dignified; and if some of the discourses are a little wanting in originality of conception, this is fully counterbalanced by the numerous beauties of their composition. The titles of the two other volumes designate the phases of spiritual life of which they treat. "Faith and Practice," by the Rev. F. Pigeon, contains many a gem of pulpit literature; and "Life in the World," by the Rev. H. Jones, is a volume rich in discourses of a practical nature.

We glance in passing at a translation of the "Imitatione Christi," ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. This is a book which, from its profound Christian philosophy, its many lessons of wisdom, and its insight into human nature, deserves to be better known. There are already several translations of it, both in French and English; but the one before us yields to none of them in those qualities which form the point and power of every translation.

A RHYMING DICTIONARY.*

SOMETHING ludicrous always attaches itself to the idea of a Rhyming Dictionary. A poet who cannot furnish his own rhymes looks very like a poetaster, and a dictionary constructed to help him out of his difficulties seems to belong more to Grub-street than to Parnassus. It is certain, however, that such works have for a long time been in demand. Bysshe's "Art of Poetry" was a standard book through the greater part of last century, though it must be admitted that its chief value lay in the select passages from great English poets which formed the bulk of the work, and not in the little dictionary of rhymes at the end, extending to no more than thirty-six pages even in the fourth edition (1710). That the book was often referred to by blundering rhymesters is, however, apparent in Hogarth's print of the Distressed Poet, and Bysshe retained his reputation for a generation or two of poverty-stricken verse-spinners. In 1775, Walker produced a Rhyming Dictionary on a much larger scale, and with a view, as he stated in his preface, to facilitating in this way a knowledge of correct spelling and pronunciation. This, indeed, seems to have been Walker's main design in compiling his work, and it may be useful in that respect, though we doubt its being much consulted for such a purpose. The book was a very bulky one. In the present edition, it consists of 720 pages of rather small type, and the new editor (Dr. Longmuir) says it "may claim the title of a sufficient dictionary of the language." The words are accented and explained, and the parts of speech to which they belong are stated. Here alone a great advance is made on Bysshe, who merely gives the words under their respective rhyming heads. Those words amount in number to less than seven thousand; whereas, in the present edition of Walker, the additions alone reach to nearly 1,800, and the total number must be between fifty and sixty thousand. Walker's system, moreover, was very different from that of his predecessor. Bysshe simply grouped the several rhyming words under the various terminal sounds to which they belong. Walker took the single letters of the alphabet in succession, as in ordinary dictionaries, and under each gathered all the words he could find ending in that letter. Consequently, "in looking for a word, the last letter is to be sought first, the last but one next, and so on from the last to the first letters of a word, in an order exactly contrary to that of other dictionaries." The arrangement is a little confusing, and we confess we do not see what is gained by it. But the work is useful, and Walker's introductory observations on spelling, pronunciation, &c., are sensible and instructive.

Of Dr. Longmuir's preface we cannot say much. It contains an account of versification, alliteration, assonance, and rhyme, with specimens, which may be of service to the young student; but the style is poor and flashy, and the critical opinions advanced are, in our judgment, often very incorrect. In point of style, we do not think highly of an author who writes that—"The tendency to beat time with the 'light fantastic toe' in the 'giddy dance' is universally felt;" and Dr. Longmuir's tastes in literature seem to have been in a great measure formed in accordance with the canons of criticism prevalent in the last century, and now for the most

* A Rhyming Dictionary. By J. Walker, Author of the "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary," &c. A New Edition, revised and enlarged, by J. Longmuir, A.M., LL.D., &c. London: William Tegg.

part obsolete. We are surprised to find any one in these days repeating the old fallacy that the versification of Chaucer is "comparatively harsh to our ear," and that the heroic couplet "acquired strength in Denham, sweetness in Waller, a combination of these in Dryden, and, perhaps, perfection in Pope." The verse of Chaucer demands, as Dr. Longmuir is aware, a peculiar pronunciation of some of the words to complete the measure, and it is true that there are lines which, probably from the injury of time, cannot now be made to scan; but that the characteristic of Chaucer's versification is harshness we must be permitted to deny, and we cannot but think that such an opinion could only be held by one whose ear has been spoiled by the monotonous suavity of Pope's scarcely-varying cadence. In fluency, in strength, in delicacy, in endless variety both of pause and movement, in free and harmonious utterance, and in power of adapting itself to whatever emotion was passing through the mind of the poet, whether grave or gay, the heroic couplet of Chaucer has never been surpassed, if, indeed, we may not go farther, and say that it has never been equalled. Then, again, with respect to the later classics: to imply that our rhymed heroic versification had no strength before Denham, and no sweetness before Waller, is to suggest what the most superficial acquaintance with the Elizabethan poets must at once refute. Conceive our being told that there is no strength, nor sweetness, nor the combination of both, in the heroic couplet which Shakespeare so frequently intermingled with the blank verse of his plays; nor in that of Marlowe, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and the other great masters of that splendid time! Denham and Waller are, indeed, commonly supposed to have reformed our heroic couplet, and in a certain sense they *did* reform it. They inaugurated that mode of structure which reached its culmination in Pope; and to that extent (though handling the verse themselves with great mastery) they performed a very questionable service. Even Dryden, with all his vigour and varied cadence, marks a decline from the greater freedom and flexibility of many of our earlier poets. Strange to say, one of the most beautiful features of the heroic couplet of Dryden, Dr. Longmuir criticises in a very irreverent manner. Alluding to that writer's tendency to introduce triplets, often ending in an Alexandrine, he says that, "as this suggests that the poet was either unable to pack the idea it contains into the previous couplet, or was unable to find another idea to occupy another line, it has thus, either as an indication of negligence or *barrenness* (!), been generally neglected." That Dryden resorted to the triplet too often, we grant; but its effect, especially when running into the Alexandrine, was magnificent—a rich, sustained, reverberating, organ-like harmony, the very reverse of "*barrenness*."

In speaking of the Spenserian stanza, Dr. Longmuir falls into a strange mistake. He makes it identical with the Italian ottava rima, "*only* modified by Spenser's concluding it with an Alexandrine line, which gives it a broader basis, or a more majestic sweep." The differences between the two stanzas are really great. The Italian is of eight lines, the English of nine, and the disposition of the rhymes is very different. Dr. Longmuir afterwards points this out; but, as he is writing for the instruction of those who know little of the subject themselves, he should have been more particular in his first statement. In enumerating the chief modern poems written in the Spenserian stanza, he makes no reference to Shelley's "*Revolt of Islam*" and "*Adonais*"; in fact, the name of Shelley does not once occur in the whole preface, though that extraordinary genius was certainly one of the greatest masters of versification we have ever had in the English language. Beattie, we are told in the sentimental style of Walker's present editor, revived the Spenserian stanza "in his pensive '*Minstrel*'"; but surely the writer cannot be unaware that Thomson's "*Castle of Indolence*," which he mentions immediately *after*, preceded the "*Minstrel*" by several years, so that the latter cannot be said to have "*revived*" the stanza. Nor is it quite correct to affirm, with regard to the Sonnet, that it was "*revived*" by Bowles. Its renewed popularity was very probably stimulated by the success of Bowles's early efforts in that line; but sonnets had previously been written by Thomas Warton and other poets of the second half of the eighteenth century. Dr. Longmuir has peculiar ideas of revivals. He is also wrong in saying that Marlowe, in his treatment of blank verse, broke up the monotonous habit, common among the earlier writers, of making the sense terminate with the line. He certainly greatly improved our blank verse, but the general tendency of that verse in his hands was still linear: it wanted the complex involutions of Shakespeare; and even the great master himself in his younger plays showed not a little of the earlier fashion.

The book is carelessly printed. We find the name of Bysshe spelt "Bysche" and "Byshe," as well as the right way. Ben Jonson appears as "Ben Johnson," and the Anglo-Saxon poet Caedmon, or Caedmon, as "Caedon." Some of the quotations also are disgracefully misprinted. These errors are particularly to be regretted in a work which aims at giving instruction, and in some respects really gives it.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

THE *Edinburgh*, this quarter, is not a particularly striking number. The opening article is a review of the recently-published "*Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry*," which of course is amusing, but derives its interest mainly from the copious extracts with which the text is interspersed. Accustomed as we are in these

days to old people who seem to unite totally different epochs (and of whom one of the most remarkable was the statesman we mourn this week), it is a little startling to find that two ladies who were the intimate friends and correspondents of Horace Walpole were still living and alert in the year of the first Great Exhibition. Mary and Agnes Berry both died in 1852—Agnes in January, Mary in November, and the younger first; yet they were the "*flames*" of Walpole in his old age, and he is said to have been desirous of marrying one or the other—he was apparently not very particular which. The review of the elder lady's *Journal and Correspondence* in the *Edinburgh* is, as we have observed, very entertaining; but it is little more than a summary of the book. The same may be said of the articles on Mr. Palgrave's work on "*Central and Eastern Arabia*," and on the late Sir Thomas Wyse's "*Excursion in the Peloponnesus*"; but they are very readable and agreeable papers. "*Life in the Criminal Classes*" is mainly based on Miss Carpenter's valuable work, "*Our Convicts*," which the reviewer highly praises. A hopeful view is taken of the progress made during the last few years, and great credit is given to the late Earl of Carlisle for the institution of Refuges for discharged prisoners in Ireland. A home of a similar kind—the "*Carlisle Memorial Refuge*"—is now in process of being set up in England. The Government has sanctioned the scheme, and subscriptions are coming in. "The establishment is to be in or near London; and the proposal is to 'receive annually one hundred of the most deserving female convicts, and to promote their employment by the community.'" Summing up the advances of late years, the reviewer writes:—

"On the whole, we may safely believe that we are growing wiser and more practical, and therefore more successful in the management of those of our criminal class who put themselves under the grasp of the law. Now that the transportation question is settled, we confront more boldly and steadily the case with which we have to deal. We are obtaining a most distinct notion of the conditions, and quality, and specific attributes of the lawless class of our population, and are learning to admit that a specific and determinate method of treatment is requisite for the sake both of themselves and of the society which they afflict. We are arriving at something like an agreement as to the principles on which their prison life must be organized, now that we are all convinced that prison at home, and not the colonies, must be the scene of their penal life. We are agreed that the essential principle of treatment is to enable those who are sentenced for other than short terms to earn some remission of punishment by their own moral improvement, and to render such remission impossible in any other way. The act of last year was the result of a clear disclosure and more extended adoption of this view; and the operation of that act has been thus far so favourable as to give us fresh spirit and courage to carry out the genuine reformatory principle to the point of full success. There is a more real supervision of license-holders: and it answers well. The men report themselves more regularly than most people expected, and they take advice more kindly (when offered with due privacy). It is not found difficult to provide them with places; and former employers are by no means generally reluctant to try them again. There is more concert and more care than ever before, among the authorities, in watching over the less hopeful subjects; and every month increases the difficulty of the reprobates in evading the eye and the hand of the law and the police. While these incorrigibles find their position more and more precarious and irksome, the well-disposed are learning to regard the police as their friends and protectors. Much remains to be done; and we shall have more Prison Bills discussed in Parliament, perhaps for years to come; but we have established beyond recall the object of reforming men and women under sentence of penal servitude; we have amended some of the mistakes by which that reformation was made a sham, and therefore regarded as a failure; we are making it more and more of a reality in its beginning in the prison; and we are taking some care that it shall not be dropped, like the prison-dress, at the threshold of the gaol, but that it shall be preserved and strengthened in the open air of the world, as the safety of society first, and the redemption of the criminal class—to say nothing of humanity in the individual probationer—absolutely require."

"The Rock-cut Temples of India" is a curious account of some of the most remarkable objects to be seen in the East; and in the succeeding article, on Carl Maria von Weber, we have a good sketch of the life and works of the beautiful composer of "*Der Freischütz*" and "*Oberon*." The review is based on the recent biography by the musician's son, Baron Max Maria von Weber, and on Mr. Palgrave Simpson's abridged translation of that work, which the critic considers "in more respects than one an improvement on the original." Mr. J. F. Campbell's "*Frost and Fire*" is subjected to a critical examination in an article which gives the pith of the work. The reviewer wishes it to be understood that he is "by no means blind to the great and numerous merits" of the book; but he detects in it numerous and serious faults also, owing to its having been written in the style of popular science, which is often more ingenious than exact. The review of the "*Posthumous Writings of Alexis de Tocqueville*" is a deeply interesting summary of the latest thoughts and opinions of that great writer. The extracts have reference principally to the Coup d'État of December, 1851, and the subsequent course of events in France until his death. De Tocqueville, though disapproving of the act by which Louis Napoleon acquired prolonged power, and of the policy which has marked his reign, did not despair of his country on account of her once more falling under a despotic rule, but even saw in the new institutions certain elements which might ultimately result in good. "I sometimes think," he writes, "that the only chance of seeing a strong love of liberty revive in France

is in the tranquil and apparently definitive establishment of absolute power." On this subject the reviewer observes:—

"There has not been any time since the establishment of the Imperial Government, at which this language was so likely to arrest the attention of the French people as the present. The signs of the times, especially in the recent elections, indicate a spirit very different from the apathy of abject submission and indifference which seemed to have emasculated France. On almost every point of the country—in the choice of representatives, in the choice of the *conseils généraux*, and in the municipal elections—the Government finds its nominations energetically disputed and not unfrequently defeated. If at this moment the Legislative Assembly were re-elected, the Opposition would be represented in it by at least a powerful minority, and if that Opposition is not already in the Chamber, it is out of doors, in spite of all the persecutions and restrictions which have been laid on the exercise of the most legitimate electoral rights. The machinery by which universal suffrage was converted for a time into a toy for prefects and ministers to play with, and an instrument to crush the real intelligence of the people, is worn out. There is once more a voice and a will in that ballot-box; and that voice condemns the Imperial Government. As M. de Tocqueville, observed in 1858, it is by facts alone, and not by arguments, that the true character of the Government is known—facts such as the state of the finances, the Mexican war, the restrictions of the Press, the prosecution and punishment of electoral committees, are gradually bringing back light to the French nation, and when 'light breaks in, the nation will judge.' In spite of many errors of judgment and of conduct, we do not dispute the services which the Emperor Napoleon III. has rendered to France, and we do not question that his popularity is still undiminished with the great majority of the nation. But that popularity cannot cover all the shortcomings and abuses of his government, and, dependent as it is on his personal authority, the idea of the termination of his reign is becoming as much an object of terror to the timid, and of perplexity to the wavering, as the incoherent threats of anarchy. For what would he leave behind him? A government composed of men for the most part profoundly discredited—a youthful heir—a regent perhaps, who, both as a foreigner and a woman, has hardly had justice done her by the French people,—and, on the other hand, a rising tide of liberal feeling, more and more disposed to demand institutions which shall give the nation security for the future and a real voice in its affairs. There is not a man amongst the most devoted adherents of the empire who does not view this state of things with undisguised apprehension; and there is probably not a man who would counsel and abet the Emperor in an attempt to repeat the blow, which he dealt so successfully in 1851 to an effete Assembly and a terrified community. There is, as it appears to us, but one course to be pursued with any prospect of security to the Imperial dynasty and of tranquillity to France; and that course is to accept the progress of liberal opinions."

"The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland" is a review of a work so called written by Mr. Prendergast, an Irish Protestant barrister, and based on old records preserved at Dublin Castle. Notwithstanding his Protestantism, Mr. Prendergast vehemently condemns the merciless rigour with which Oliver crushed the Papists of Ireland. The reviewer, on the other hand, "while far from justifying the dreadful severity of the stroke," points out the fact that Mr. Prendergast has suppressed all those circumstances which to some extent palliated the fierce policy of Cromwell. The Irish Catholics had in 1641 massacred several thousands of English Protestant settlers and their families; they were constantly conspiring against English rule, the Reformed religion, and the very liberties of England herself, since they had leagued themselves with Charles I. in his war against the people and Parliament; and their own mode of dealing with "heretics" was such that they were hardly entitled to complain when they found themselves similarly treated. Still, it is impossible to deny that the ferocity of Cromwell's soldiers towards the Papists, without regard to age or sex, is incapable of justification, and forms a dark blot on our annals. The article ends with a glance at the present state of Ireland:—

"In closing this review, we cannot but congratulate the sister-country upon its altered condition, since English legislation palsied the arm and broke the heart of local insolence and oppression. We rejoice in the spring-tide of general reason and substantial improvement which is rising and swelling all over the country; and though, in the Southern provinces, where there are no manufactures to employ the redundant population, the unsatisfactory state of the land question must, for some time to come, be a bar to agricultural progress, it cannot now be justly charged upon England that she governs less by the love of the many than by the power of the few, or that she sacrifices the interests of a noble and warm-hearted people to the caprices of power, or the supremacy of an intolerant faction."

"The prompt and complete success of the vigorous measure taken by the Government in the course of this autumn to expose and crush the Fenian association, has earned for Lord Wodehouse the respect and gratitude of all the educated classes in Ireland, and of the clergy of all denominations. Perhaps it is the first time that measures of repression taken by the Government have been heartily supported by the Irish nation. We hope this will be the last of these obsolete and abortive attempts at revolution, and that the ardent and patriotic youth of Ireland will learn that they have nothing to gain from secret societies or foreign intrigues, but that the future welfare of their country depends on a steady adherence to a liberal policy in obedience to the laws of the United Kingdom."

"American Psychomancy"—the last article in the number—traces the history and examines the literature of so-called "Spiritualism," and presents a very singular and melancholy picture of that latest of the superstitions. "Whilst conceding," says the

writer, "that some of the phenomena of Spiritualism are as yet unaccounted for by the recognised laws of matter and mind, and therefore deserve investigation at the hands of competent men, we conclude that by far the greater part of them are referable to monomania and fraud."

The *Quarterly* opens with a very charming paper on the "Cathedrals of England," tracing their history, describing their chief architectural features, and exhorting all who are interested in the English Church to take example of the ancient modes of structure in those new edifices which are demanded by the present time. "The Mariner's Compass" is an article of great scientific value, based on no less than thirty-eight works and official reports. In the essay on "The Resources, Condition, and Prospects of Italy," we are pleased to note a very friendly tone towards the new kingdom, of which an excellent account is given in its present aspects. The article has reference chiefly to the physical geography and natural products of the peninsula; but towards the end the question of brigandage and the political condition of the country are discussed, the facts here being mainly derived from the recent writings of Counts Arrivabene and Maffei. As regards the retention by Austria of the Venetian provinces, it is something to find the *Quarterly Review* asserting that "the recent conduct of Austria" (we suppose that Slesvig-Holstein is here alluded to) "goes far to deprive her of the benefit of any argument drawn from treaty right or from public law." On the subject of Italian unity we read:—

"To the attentive observer of the present state of Italy, the circumstance that is perhaps most deserving of notice and admiration is the complete abandonment of those local or provincial jealousies, which were considered as insuperable obstacles to the existence of a united Italy. From one extremity to the other of the peninsula the great, the paramount feeling is well expressed in the three words, 'Siamo tutti Italiani.' One of the most pleasing traits connected with the reorganization of Italy has been the restoration by the municipality of Genoa to Pisa of the massive chains which once protected the entrance of that port, and which were carried off in triumph, and long displayed by the Genoese as the symbol of their rival's humiliation. The moderation which has marked the political transformation of Italy, and the entire absence of all revolutionary excesses, has been in the highest degree creditable to the Italian people. The success of constitutional government has hitherto been complete, although the impulsive nature of the Italians was not calculated to render the task of ruling an easy one, or to make the transition from despotism to free institutions other than hazardous. The mass of the population may perhaps be scarcely conscious of the political dignity which their country has acquired; but they can comprehend the importance of a change which has produced a marked improvement in their material condition, and a sensible increase in the money-value of their labour. Every class and interest has in effect benefited by the transformation of Italy. The shopkeeper recognises it in the increase of his business, the agriculturist in an advance of prices, and the landed proprietor in the rise of his rents. Increased intercourse has sprung up between the provinces. The natives of the north have flocked in numbers to the south, carrying with them those habits of industry and self-reliance for which they are distinguished. Nor have the southern Italians been slow to transfer their labour to markets in which they believed they could obtain for it a higher remuneration. Turin numbered among its population at the last census twenty thousand labourers and artisans who had emigrated to it from the Neapolitan province. The municipalities and communes are everywhere bestirring themselves in the work of local improvement; schools of mining and agriculture are awakening enterprise; the universities are once more crowded with students; great ecclesiastical reforms have already been effected, and the general spirit of inquiry which has been aroused renders the position of the Papacy more precarious in the land of its origin than in any country which still bows to its authority or acquiesces in its spiritual pretensions."

"The Poetry of Præd and Lord Houghton" is the only purely critical article in the number. It is not quite as good as it might have been, yet it fairly describes the two authors as representing, the one society in its ball-room aspect, the other society in its more serious, and yet not its heroic or tragic, aspect. Deeply interesting for its facts, though occasionally a little flowery in style, is the account of "Blind People," and of what modern ingenuity, benevolence, and science, have done for those afflicted beings. "Field Sports of the Ancient Greeks and Romans" is a capital piece of gossip on a subject which has not received sufficient attention. It is startling to see how similar were the sporting tastes and ways of the ancients to those of us modern English. The article is very curious and entertaining, and should be read by all country gentlemen who care about the literary side of their favourite pursuits. "The Gallican Church"—the paper next ensuing—is a review of "Le Maudit" and the other works of the Abbé * * *. The critic, discussing the great questions that affect the position of the Church in France, points to the ultramontanist of that Church, and its belief in the most extravagant dogmas of Papal superstition, as the result of the excessive State interference with religion which was commenced by the First Napoleon, and has been continued ever since, and which, by irritating the clergy, has placed them in antagonism with the nation. Symptoms, it is remarked, are not wanting which seem to suggest that the present Emperor would gladly restore the national character of the Gallican Church; but, it is asked, can even he effect so great a change? "God grant," exclaims the reviewer, "that it may be so, and that we may share the benefit; that with the two Reformed Churches linked in loving alliance, France and England, the great twin arbiters of the world's destinies, may contend together against the

Common Enemy, and maintain the Common Truth." In the meanwhile, those who are inclined to seek a refuge from the dissensions and schisms of the English Church and other Protestant bodies in the supposed unity of Rome, are warned that that unity is imaginary, not real, and that the Papacy is agitated by concealed antagonistic forces which are all the more dangerous for not being allowed open expression. The concluding article is on "The Russians in Central Asia," treating of the recent advances of the Czar's armies towards our Indian frontiers, and arguing that, although "at present there is no pressing danger, no cause for unusual precautions," the time may come when, supposing the Russians to be seated on the Oxus and at Bokhara, it will be necessary, for the protection of the Punjab and the North-west provinces of India, to take Herat and Candahar into our possession, as outworks in the defence of our Eastern Empire. The article is illustrated by a map showing the encroachments of Russia upon Turkestan since 1730.

The *Westminster* criticises in its first article Mr. Thomas Hare's treatise on "The Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal." Mr. Hare's scheme is warmly commended, and its author is said to have alone seen how to avert the peculiar dangers of democratic progress. The complexity of the scheme is held to be no objection, and it is suggested that, if it be admitted that the object is desirable, the method might be first tried on a small scale. In the second article we have a critical account—and on the whole a laudatory one—of Mr. Lecky's "Rationalism in Europe." The tone of this article is that with which, on religious matters, the *Westminster Review* has long been identified, being in fact a species of Deism; and we shall consequently at once pass to the following paper, which is on the "Capacities of Women," though here again we find ourselves on somewhat similar ground, since, in criticising the writings of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the reviewer is necessarily obliged to bring forward very prominently the heresies of that gifted lady. Mr. Palgrave's "Travels in Arabia" are next, as in the *Edinburgh*, subjected to a careful summarizing. "The Holy Roman Empire" is a very interesting historical study, tracing the course of the so-called Imperial power through the middle ages down to the Reformation, when it became virtually extinct. Both it and the Papacy, the writer concedes, were in some degree anticipations of the modern idea of unity; but they were blundering anticipations, seeking "to produce a moral effect by mechanical means." In the article on "The Doctrine of Nationalities and Slesvig-Holstein," an attempt is made to define the somewhat difficult doctrine in question, and an account is given of the recent development of German policy in the Duchies. The rapacity of Prussia is severely condemned; and, says the reviewer, "we may be sure that the Slesvig-Holstein question will continue to agitate Europe so long as it is not settled in conformity with the wishes of the Slesvig-Holstein nationality." Mr. Grote's "Plato and the Other Companions of Sokrates" gives occasion to a learned inquiry into the nature of the Socratic and Platonic doctrines. Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt" are very favourably reviewed; and the rest of the number consists of the usual summary of "Contemporary Literature."

The *British Quarterly* reviews "Frost and Fire," Mr. Palgrave's "Central and Eastern Arabia," Mr. Foss's and Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Judges and Lord Chancellors" (which makes a paper full of historical and personal anecdote), and Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism," the somewhat free tendency of which, in matters of religious faith, is condemned by the critic. He admits that "there are not many of the distinctive doctrines" of the Christian religion "which are directly assailed;" yet he affirms that "the ideas which are continually suggested in Mr. Lecky's volume are in direct and deadly antagonism to the special claims which Christianity advances, and destroy the value of any other concessions which may be made." The articles more in the nature of original essays are on "Matthew Arnold, Poet and Essayist," who is in many respects highly eulogized; on "Mrs. Browning's Poetry," from which the critic says he has "acquired new ideas" as to the capacities of the female sex, adding that "no woman has ever united abilities like those of Mrs. Browning;" on the "State Policy of Europe in 1865;" and on "The United States since the War." The last is a contribution by the Editor, written in the first person singular, and giving an account of a tour recently made by him in America. Though the *Review* has hitherto been somewhat Southern in tone, this article presents a very sad picture of the ill-treatment of Northern prisoners by the Confederate authorities—the allegations of the North in this respect being fully credited by the writer. A painful story is told of cruelty to a negro woman, by General Lee, a little before the breaking out of the war; but the writer says that the Northern people are hardly more humane to the coloured race. Immediately following the article is a note by Dr. Vaughan, in which he announces his retirement, at seventy years of age, from the editorship of the *Review*, which he has now conducted since its establishment twenty-one years ago.

In the *Dublin Review*, the most interesting articles to Protestant readers are two historical essays, in which an attempt is made to relieve the Papists from the charges of ferocity and persecution brought against them in connection with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the treatment of Galileo. We cannot attempt a summary of these papers; but such of our readers as are fond of historical controversy may like to grapple with them.

We have received No. XV., New Series, of the *Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record*, edited by Mr. B. Harris

Cowper, and containing a large number of learned and weighty articles on Biblical and other Eastern literature.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Butterfly's Gospel, and other Stories. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Margaret Howitt. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—We hope we shall not be misunderstood when we say that we do not like the tone of the three short stories contained in this little volume. It is intended that the tales shall be eminently moral and religious; but the feeling they convey to our minds is of something formal, pre-tentious, "priggish," and altogether unnatural. Such good little boys and girls, such moralizing men and women, were never seen—at least, we hope not. We have certainly no desire to meet with their like, and we are convinced that no good can accrue from giving children such stilted stuff to peruse in their leisure hours or play-time. In the first story we read of a little boy who, while sorrowing for the death of his mamma, sees a caterpillar burrowing in the earth. He digs up the ground some time after, and finds the caterpillar in its chrysalis state. This he preserves by the direction of his schoolmaster, and in the spring he beholds the winged butterfly issue from its dusky cerements. All this is very well, as giving young readers some idea of a strange and beautiful fact in nature. But then the schoolmaster begins sermonizing in a style which, if we were to meet with it in real life, we should regard as an affectation; and bids the little boy recognise in the transformation of the caterpillar a proof of the immortality of the soul. Now, as a poetical metaphor, nothing can be more exquisite than this transformation considered as a symbol of renewed life hereafter. But it is no more a proof of the immortality of the soul than any other instance of physical growth and development. In the second story, a sort of "Old Scrooge" is suddenly converted to the most gushing goodness and generosity by the flowering of a Rose of Jericho. "The Little Girl who is Worth her Weight in Gold"—a mere sketch—is somewhat better, though not free from objection. Miss Howitt's translation is deformed by some odd English, as, "His mother was now gone for always;" and the woodcuts are as little to our taste as the text they illustrate.

The Art and Mystery of British Wines, &c. By the Author of "Curing, Preserving, and Potting Meats, Game, Fish, &c." (Chapman & Hall.)—If anybody is fond of British wines, he may here learn the process of making them. We confess to having no such partiality ourselves, but we would not on so delicate a subject legislate for others. The present volume, moreover, tells you how to make cider and perry, cordials and liqueurs; how to manage foreign wines and spirituous liquors; and how to manufacture divers beverages and medicinal drinks. Also we have in its pages "the whole art of brewing;" so that the volume is, or ought to be, a treasure to any provincial Lady Bountiful. To the Lady Bountifuls, accordingly, we commit it for decision.

The Young Englishwoman. Vol. I.—*Fashion Plates and Needlework Patterns.* (S. O. Beeton.)—These are two publications belonging so entirely to the mystic circle of young ladydom that we will not venture to criticize them; we can only chronicle their appearance. With respect to the fashion plates, however, we will hazard a remark. It has always struck us with astonishment that this style of art is as unvarying as the visage of the Sphinx. We have seen plates of the fashions of forty, fifty, sixty years old, and the manner—the style of physiognomy, the pose of the figures, the lines of the drapery, the accessories, and the colouring—all is precisely the same. Can it be that the same artist is still at work? If so, he must be a fearful and a mysterious being. Is he the Wandering Jew, or the Ancient Mariner?

We have also received *Beeton's Book of Jokes and Jests* (a good shilling's worth of fun);—a new edition, in Smith & Elder's illustrated series, of *Mrs. Gaskell's Grey Woman, and Other Tales*;—and Part V. Vol. XII. of the *Assurance Magazine, and Journal of the Institute of Actuaries.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

To the forthcoming illustrated edition of the late Miss Adelaide Procter's "Legends and Lyrics," Mr. Charles Dickens will contribute an introductory essay. The earliest of these poems, which have since become so widely known, were introduced to the public through the pages of Mr. Dickens's *Household Words*.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the well-known publishers of Boston, have removed from their old house to more commodious premises. The new "store" has been fitted up in the Elizabethan style, with elaborate carvings and decorations. The appointments of the establishment are something so different from the old style of book-selling—a range of shelves, paper parcels, and a dingy office behind—that we give the description of one room, a parlour for the reception and entertainment of guests:—"This parlour is papered with velvety green hangings, and wainscoted with black walnut. The floor is covered with a soft carpet of a pattern to harmonize with the walls; and the furniture is of a luxurious pattern. On the table is to be kept constantly spread an intellectual feast of the latest foreign and American periodicals. This room supplies a want many have felt. Here authors and visitors can pass a leisure hour in reading or conversation, or hold interviews by previous appointments. Just to the left is to be found the cosy private office of Mr. Fields." This firm publishes for the principal American authors, and its members are on terms of intimacy with such men as Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow.

Concerning the Mr. Fields mentioned in the last paragraph, an amusing story is told. Mr. Fields is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of English literature. It is said that, when any author in the neighbourhood is at a loss for a particular passage, he goes at once

down to the "book-store" for the desired information. One day, at a dinner party, a would-be wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Fields' arrival, that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began:—"Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus—(repeating the lines he had composed): can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields, "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one." The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

Nana Sahib, who acquired such unenviable reputation during the late Indian mutiny, has, it is said, been occupying his time with a translation of "Hamlet" into his native tongue.

French journals mention the death of M. le Comte d'Ornano, deputy for Yonne. He was better known in political circles than as a literary man, but he wrote several works which were well received; amongst others, "Une Monographie du Sportsman Parisien." The Count was Master of the Ceremonies at the Tuileries, and commenced his political career as *attaché* to the French Embassy in London. He was then eighteen. It is said that the Count was connected with the Imperial family by his father, the Marshal, son of Isabella Buonaparte.

A writer in the *American Literary Gazette*, published at Philadelphia, speaking of the Hon. Frank Lawley, who was the special correspondent of the *Times* at Richmond, says, in allusion to Mr. Lawley's paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, "The Last Six Days of Secession":—"It is amusing, but, as might be expected, not a little one-sided. So few of Mr. Lawley's letters ran the blockade, that it was estimated the *Times* paid 500 dollars for every one published."

The interest taken by Continental scholars and critics in the writings of our great English dramatist has led to the formation of various societies abroad. In Paris, there is a club of gentlemen who meet to comment on Shakespeare, compile a bibliography of his works, and assist in the translation of his plays and poems into the principal languages of Europe. Of the German Shakespeare Society, a Continental journalist says that it held a meeting at Weimar last Sunday, on which occasion the president, Dr. Ulrich, "read a report of its proceedings during the past year, from which it appears that the efforts of the society to promote the cultivation of the English language and literature in German universities and colleges have been very successful. The number of members is 135, and the funds have been considerably increased by subscriptions from the Grand-Duchess of Saxony, the Crown-Princess of Prussia, and the King of Saxony. A Shakespeare library is being formed, and the first part of a Shakespeare annual has been issued. The second part, which is in preparation, contains articles on "Shakespeare in Germany," "Shakespeare's Sonnets," "Hamlet in France," "Shakespeare and Sophocles," and "Shakespeare a Catholic Poet." Mr. Cohn, of the firm of Asher & Co., Berlin, who, a short time ago, issued here a large volume on "Shakespeare in Germany," has, we believe, another work of a kindred character in progress.

By the decease of the Premier, a sudden demand has set in for biographical particulars concerning him. A new edition of Messrs. Routledge's "Life," by M'Gilchrist, has been put to press, and will appear in a few days.

Among signs of progress in our Australian colonies, we have a new weekly paper, entitled the *Spectator*, published at Melbourne, closely resembling, in type and arrangement, its London contemporary of that name. The first three numbers are occupied with leading articles, paragraphs on topics of the week, free-trade notes, literary reviews, and commercial and other intelligence. "The articles," remarks the *Publishers' Circular*, "are distinguished by a temperate and thoughtful treatment of the topics under discussion, and are especially remarkable for their vigorous advocacy of free-trade doctrines, and the general principles of sound political economy. Altogether, the appearance of the Melbourne *Spectator* is a credit to the colony, and we heartily wish it success."

By Mr. David Masson's appointment to the Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, the Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College becomes vacant. Amongst the gentlemen spoken of as candidates for the chair is Mr. Samuel Lucas, the literary reviewer of the *Times*, and Editor of the *Shilling Magazine*. In 1845, Mr. Lucas gained the Chancellor's annual prize for an English essay. The subject was "The Causes and Consequences of National Revolutions among the Ancients and Moderns Compared."

Another translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia" is spoken of. The poet Longfellow has been engaged upon the task, rendering the poem into English blank verse. It will shortly be published in Boston and London simultaneously.

The death is announced of the Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., President of Brown University, United States, on September 30, aged 60. The moral writings of this author held a deservedly high rank, and his principal works have been reprinted in this country. Amongst them may be mentioned "Elements of Moral Science" (which has reached no less than six English editions); "Elements of Political Economy"; "Limitations of Human Responsibility"; "Sermons for the Churches"; and "University Sermons."

Mr. James Gairdner contributes to the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* a vindication of the authenticity of the Paston Letters, in reply to Mr. Merivale's objections.

Of late years, one of the scarcest books in the second-hand book market has been Sir Bernard Burke's "Extinct, Dormant, and Suspended Peerages." The "Extinct Baronetage" was common enough, but the "Peerage" was worth one, two, three guineas, or

whatever it could be obtained at. A new edition of this valuable heraldic and historical work is now announced by Messrs. HARRISON, and will be published in a few days.

On Monday last, Messrs. Cassell & Co., the publishers, invited the principal London booksellers to a private view of Gustave Doré's wonderful designs for the Bible now being published in France and in this country.

Manchester papers speak of a little volume by "Roland Quiz" as being in the press. It will consist of "Juvenile Rhymes and Little Stories."

"Passages from the Autobiography of a Man of Kent," is the title of a small work which Mr. Robert Cowtan, of the British Museum, has in the press for private circulation. The book will contain a few rough pen-and-ink sketches, by the same hand, of some people he has met, the changes he has seen, and the places he has visited, from 1817 to 1864.

Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will shortly publish, by subscription, an English translation, sanctioned by the author, of "Strauss's Life of Jesus." The publishers say this must not be confounded with the author's original "Leben Jesu," which has given rise to so much controversy among theologians and Biblical scholars. The new Life was published rather more than a year ago in Germany, and is no mere re-issue of the author's former work, but an essentially new one—shorter and more popularly written than the other, and containing, in addition to the more strictly critical portions, a brief outline of the biography of Jesus, so far as such an outline can now be elicited from later historical representations. The work will be in two vols. 8vo., and the price for the two is not to exceed a guinea to subscribers.

Mr. MURRAY's October list of forthcoming books contains, as usual, the titles of many announced in back numbers of the *Quarterly Review*. We give a summary of the more important announcements:—"The Zambesi and its Tributaries, and the Discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-1864," by David and Charles Livingstone, with map and illustrations; "King George III's Correspondence with Lord North, 1769-82, from the Royal Library at Windsor," edited, with Notes and Introduction, by W. Bodham Donne; "The Harvest of the Sea, a Contribution to the Natural and Economic History of British Food Fishes," by James G. Bertram, with illustrations; a Second Part of Dean Stanley's Lectures on the "History of the Jewish Church;" "Memoir of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., Architect," by his Son, the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., with illustrations; "Peking and the Pekingese during the First Year of the British Embassy at Peking," by Staff-Surgeon D. F. Rennie, M.D., with illustrations, 2 vols.; "Memoirs, Illustrative of the Art of Glass Painting," by the late Charles Winston, with illustrations; "Notes on the Battle of Waterloo," by the late General Sir J. Shaw Kennedy, K.C.B., with a Memoir of his Life and Services, and plans; "Memorials of Services in India, from the Correspondence of the late Major Macpherson, C.B., Agent for the Suppression of Human Sacrifices in Orissa and at the Court of Scindah during the Mutiny," edited by his Brother, with illustrations; "Lives of Boulton and Watt, comprising a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam-engine," by Samuel Smiles, with illustrations, being a continuation of the Lives of the Engineers; "A Concise Dictionary of the Bible," for the Use of Families and Students, condensed from the larger Dictionary, edited by William Smith, LL.D., with illustrations; "A History of Architecture, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," based on the "Handbook of Architecture," revised, augmented, and rearranged, by James Fergusson, with illustrations; "The Agamemnon of Æschylus and Bacchanals of Euripides," with Passages from the Lyric and later Poets of Greece, translated by Dean Milman, with illustrations; "Chinese Miscellanies, a Collection of Essays and Notes," by Sir John Francis Davis, Bart.; and a third volume of the "Ancient Eastern Monarchies," by Rev. George Rawlinson, &c.

Messrs. GRIFFIN & Co.'s list of new books and new editions in the press comprises "The Poetry of the Year," a series of illustrations by eminent artists, executed in chromo-lithography, and mounted; "Golden Leaves from the works of Poets and Painters," edited by Robert Bell, 2 vols.; Poems by Thomas Chatterton, forming the new volume of "Griffin's Emerald Series;" "Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith," with a memoir by William Spalding, illustrated with steel engravings from drawings by Roberts, Stothard, Stanfield, and Leslie; and the first part (containing the Four Gospels) of the New Testament, arranged in paragraphs, and illustrated by rhetorical punctuation for reading in families, &c.

Messrs. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS announce "Basil St. John, an Autumn Tale," 1 vol.; "Our Summer in the Hartz Forest," by a Scotch Family, 1 vol.; "Dainty Dishes," receipts collected by Lady Harriet St. Clair, 1 vol.; "Gisli the Outlaw," from the Icelandic, by G. W. Daent, 1 vol., small 4to, with illustrations; "An Angler's Rambles among the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland," by Thomas Todd Stoddart, author of "The Angler's Companion," 1 vol.; "Social Life in Former Days, chiefly in the Province of Moray," illustrated by letters and family papers, by E. Dunbar, 1 vol.; "Homer and the Iliad," a commentary, philological and archæological, by J. Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, 3 vols.; "An Additional Catalogue of Ancient Scottish Seals," by Henry Laing, author of "Descriptive Catalogue of Ancient Scottish Seals," 1 vol.; "Ancient Pillar Stones of Scotland, their Significance and Bearing on Ethnology," by George Moore, 1 vol.; and "The Early Races of Scotland, and their Monuments," by Lieut.-Col. Forbes Leslie, 2 vols., profusely illustrated.

Messrs. JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER's announcements are:—"Doctor Kemp: the Story of a Life with a Blemish," in 2 vols.; "The Sixth Work, or the Prisoners Visited," by Mrs. Meredith, author of "The Lacemakers;" Emma Jane Worboise's new story "St. Betha's, or the Heiress of Arne," and a new edition of her "Millicent Kendrick;" M. de Pressensac's promised work "Jesus Christ: His Era, His Life, His Work;" "Daily Readings for Family Worship," with remarks explanatory and practical, by the Rev. W. F. Harndall, M.A., Ph.D., and the following works for young people:—"Old

Merry's Annual," being the first volume of "Merry and Wise;" and Mrs. Webb's new story "Benaiah, a Tale of the Captivity."

Messrs. GRIFFITH & FARRAN, of St. Paul's churchyard, will shortly publish:—"The Year: its Leaves and Blossoms," illustrated by Hermine Stilke, in thirteen coloured plates, executed in the highest style of chromo-lithographic art, and dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Princess Royal (royal 4to., elegantly bound in cloth); "Strange Stories of the Animal World," by John Timbs, with illustrations by Zwecker, post 8vo.; "Trotter's Story-Book," by the author of "Tiny Stories in Tiny Words," illustrated by Weir; "Almeria's Castle, or My Early Life in India and England," by Lady Lushington, with illustrations; "What Became of Tommy," a story, by Emilia Marryat Norris, daughter of the late Captain Marryat, illustrated by Absolon; "Featherland, or how the Birds Lived at Greenlawn," by G. W. Feen, illustrated by F. W. Key; "The Australian Babes in the Wood," a true story told in verse, with illustrations by J. M. Whittie, George Hay, Lawson, &c.; "Mamma's Morning Gossips, or Little Bits for Little Birds," by Mrs. Broderip, with fifty illustrations by her brother, Thomas Hood; "The Fairy Tales of Science," by J. C. Brough, new edition, thoroughly revised by the author, with sixteen illustrations by Charles Bennett; "Early Days of English Princes," by Mrs. Russell Gray, new and enlarged edition, with illustrations by J. Franklin; and "Six Months at Freshwater," a book for the young.

M. Michel Nicolas, the eminent professor at the Faculté des Lettres de Montauban, has just published at the house of MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES an interesting volume, entitled "Études sur les Évangiles Apocryphes."

M. Ernest Daudel has published a new work at MICHEL LÉVY's, entitled "Les Duperies de l'Amour."

La Librairie Centrale announces a new volume by MM. Octave Féré and Jules Cauvain, called "L'École des Loups."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alford (Dean), Greek Testament. Vol. III. 4th edit. 8vo., 13s.
 Amulet (The), a Tale. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Andersen (H. C.), What the Moon Saw. 16mo., 5s.
 Annandale (Dr.), Diseases of the Fingers and Toes. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Basil St. John. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Beauties of Poetry and Art. Small 4to., 15s.
 Beeton's Annual, 1866. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Biglow Papers (The), edited by T. Hughes. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Blunt (Rev. J. H.), Directorium Pastorale. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Bohny (W.), New Picture Book. New edit. Folio, 7s. 6d.
 Candlish (Dr.), Fatherhood of God. 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Chambers (T. K.), Lectures, chiefly Clinical. 4th edit. 8vo., 14s.
 Clayton (Canon), Sermons Preached at Cambridge. 2nd series. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Coles (C. B.), Ten: a poem. Fcap., 1s.
 Collins (Wilkie), The Dead Secret. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Companion Library.—Louise Atterbury. Fcap., 1s.
 Craik (G. L.), History of English Literature. 3rd edit. 2 vols., 8vo., 25s.
 Cruden's Concordance, by Rev. J. Eadie. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Dale (J. M.), Clergyman's Legal Handy Book. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Dickens (C.), Our Mutual Friend. Vol. II. 8vo., 11s.
 Dunbar (E. D.), Social Life in Former Days. 8vo., 12s.
 Ellen Montgomery's Book-shelf. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Evenings at Home. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Farrar (F. W.), Eric. 7th edit. Fcap., 5s.
 ———— Julian Horne. 5th edit. Fcap., 5s.
 ———— St. Winifred's. 2nd edit. Fcap., 6s. 6d.
 Figuier (L.), The World before the Deluge. 8vo., 20s.
 Finch (G.), Observations on the Writings of the Fathers. 8vo., 5s.
 Fleury (L'Abbé), Histoire de France, by A. Beljaine. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Gamgee (J. S.), Amputation of the Hip Joint. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Gaskell (Mrs.), The Grey Woman, and other Tales. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Gems of Literature. Small 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Gems from Poets and Painters. Small 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Guthrie (Dr. T.), The Man of the Gospel. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Harris (G.), Principia Prima Béguin. Part I. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Higginbottom (J.), On Use of Nitrate of Silver. 3rd edit. 8vo., 6s.
 Herschel (Sir J. F. W.), Physical Geography. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 It May be True, by Mrs. Wood. 3 vols. Crown 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Instructive Picture Books.—Animals and Vegetables. New edit. Folio, 7s. 6d.
 Kinlock (Lord), Time's Treasure. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Lamb (C.), Tales from Shakespeare. Colord. illust. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Lee (R.), History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood. 8vo., 4s.
 Liber precium Publicarum. Fcap., 5s.
 Lloyd (W. W.), Christianity in the Cartoons. Photo. illust. 8vo., 21s.
 Lights in Art, by an Artist. Fcap., 5s.
 Ludlow (J. M.), Popular Epics of the Middle Ages. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 14s.
 Lyric Gems of Scotland. Square, 4s. 6d.
 Mackay (C.), Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets. New edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 ———— (R. W.), Rise and Progress of Christianity. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 ———— Progress of the Intellect. New edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.
 Mann (J. H.), The Great Propitiation. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Marian, by M. J. France. 3rd edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Morton's Farmer's Almanac, 1866. Fcap., 1s.
 Moore (G.), Ancient Pillar Stones of Scotland. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Mr. Hogarth's Will, by C. H. Spencer. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Murphy (P.), on Popery in Ireland. Fcap., 4s.
 Oort (Dr. H.), The Worship of Baalim in Israel, translated by Bishop Colenso. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Palgrave (W. G.), Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 25s.
 Paterson (M.), The Manse Garden. New edit. 12mo., 2s.
 Patient Henry. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—The SESSION will
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Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar," 1865-66, published by Messrs. MacLachlan & Stewart, South Bridge, Edinburgh; price 2s. 6d.; per post 2s. 10d.

By order of the Senatus,

September, 1865.

ALEX. SMITH, Secretary of the University.

MADEIRA.—HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND
 DISEASES OF THE CHEST, Brompton.

The Committee of Management have the pleasure to announce that through the kindness of some friends in Madeira, they are prepared to afford 20 male patients the privilege of passing the ensuing winter in that salubrious climate. The expenses of the patients out and home will be paid by the Hospital, and they will be received and provided for at Madeira by a Local Committee presided over by Captain Erskine, her Majesty's Consul. Suitable cases will be elected by the medical committee, subject to the approval of the committee of management.

Contributions are requested, as the arrangements organised in the island lead to the hope that, if the proposed experiment prove successful, it may be continued, and permanently extend the benefits of this Charity.

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A SCRIPTURE READER of many years' standing, who is now
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—In answer to the numerous inquiries for Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares of the New Issue of Capital of this Company, IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED, that they will not be READY till TUESDAY next, the 24th inst.

Copies of the Half-yearly Report and Balance-sheet can, however, be had on application at the Company's Offices.

17 and 18, Cornhill, London, Oct. 18, 1865.

ALFRED LOWE, Secretary.

THE CREDIT FONCIER and MOBILIER of ENGLAND (Limited).

—NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that the HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of this Company will be held at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopsgate-street, London, on TUESDAY, October 24, at Eleven o'clock a.m. precisely, for the purpose of receiving the Directors' and Auditors' Report and Balance-sheet, and for declaring a Dividend.

The transfer-books of the Company will be closed from Saturday, the 21st, to Saturday, the 28th October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Court of Directors, ALFRED LOWE, Secretary.

17 and 18, Cornhill, London, Oct. 6, 1865.

THE CREDIT FONCIER and MOBILIER of ENGLAND (Limited).

Capital £4,000,000, in 200,000 Shares of £20 each. Capital Subscribed, 100,000 Shares (first issue), £2,000,000. Capital paid up thereon, £5 per share, £500,000. Reserve Fund, £200,000. Dividend Reserve Fund, £70,000.

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For fixed periods of—

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Forms of Application can be obtained of the Secretary, to whom all communications must be addressed.

By order of the Court, ALFRED LOWE, Secretary.

17 and 18, Cornhill, London, Oct. 9, 1865.

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CALLED UP 800,000

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SOLICITOR—Septimus Davidson, Esq.

CONSULTING ACTUARY—Charles Ansell, Esq., F.R.S.

SECRETARY—George Morris, Esq.

Amount of profit of the five years ending 20th November, 1862, was £531,965 3 4

Making the total profit divided £1,227,258 5 3

Instances of Reductions in Premiums.

Date of Policy.	Age.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Premium now payable.	Reduction per cent.
October ... 1836	49	£ 1,000	£. s. d. 43 11 8	£. s. d. 0 7 10	99
March ... 1840	48	200	8 10 4	1 19 4	77
January ... 1839	36	1,000	29 10 0	10 12 8	64
December 1850	58	2,000	126 0 0	64 6 8	49
January ... 1852	35	500	14 11 8	9 3 8	37½
January ... 1859	40	3,000	132 0 0	98 7 10	25½

The following are a few instances wherein the Premiums have become extinct, and Annuities for the next five years granted in addition:—

Date of Policy.	Age.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium now extinct.	Annuity payable.
April ... 1836	54	£ 1,000	£. s. d. 52 0 0	£. s. d. 8 3 8
August ... 1836	58	500	29 3 4	9 1 3
August ... 1837	60	2,000	135 3 4	75 6 8
March ... 1842	61	500	32 19 2	1 17 4

Amount of claims paid £1,611,165 5 3

Gross annual income 388,791 18 7

Accumulated fund 2,420,963 14 0

Members whose premiums fall due on the 1st OCTOBER are reminded that the same must be paid within thirty days from that date.

The prospectus and every information may be had on application.

Sept. 29, 1865.

GEORGE MORRIS, Secretary.

1865.—BONUS YEAR.

CLOSING SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament. Established 1825.

The Seventh Division of the Company's Profits is appointed to be made at 15th November, 1865.

The Fund to be divided will be the Profits which have arisen since 15th November, 1860.

A Policy effected before 15th November, 1865, will not only participate in the Division then to be made, but will secure one year's additional Bonus at all future Divisions over Policies of a later date.

The Assurances effected with the Company since the last Division of Profits in 1860, exceed Two Millions and a half Sterling.

Income upwards of Half a Million Sterling. Accumulated and Invested Funds upwards of Three Millions.

A STANDARD POLICY.

The POLICIES of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY are free from all unnecessary conditions.

Policies can be obtained without restriction as to residence abroad, the person assured being above 25 years of age, not engaged in military or naval service, and not liable to foreign residence from the nature of his business or position.

Extended facilities are given for payment of premiums; and should a premium fall into arrear, it may be paid at any time within thirteen months, subject to certain conditions.

All policies are unchallengeable on any ground whatever, after they have existed Five Years; and, subject to payment of premiums and extra premiums, if any, the Policy becomes a simple obligation on the Company to pay the sum assured.

These valuable privileges were introduced into the practice of Life Assurance by the STANDARD.

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H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

London 82, King William-street, E.C.

Edinburgh 3, George-street (Head Office).

Dublin 68, Upper Sackville-street.

Glasgow 106, St. Vincent-street.

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SAMUEL J. SHRUBB,

Manager and Secretary.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

48, ST. JAMES'S STREET, and 27, CANNON STREET, LONDON.

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The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot

Sir Claude Scott, Bart. | Henry Pownall, Esq.

The following figures will show an increase quite unprecedented in the history of the Company:—

The amount assured in 1862 was £151,065

Ditto " in 1863 " 194,152

Ditto " in 1864 " 266,450

To ample security the Office adds the advantage of moderate rates and liberal management.

The bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to four-fifths of the premiums paid.

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

BONUS YEAR, 1865.

SIXTH SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF PROFITS.

NINETY PER CENT. OF THE WHOLE PROFITS DIVIDED AMONG
THE ASSURED.

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Surplus then to be declared.

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